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COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Future Unknown

THE convulsions within the British Labour Party hierarchy, caused primarily by the defeat of the Socialists at the general election, and since stimulated by Dr Hugh Dalton's appeal for the veteran leaders to give way to younger men, presage a general overhauling of the Party's organisation. A considerable amount of critical self-examination can be expected when the Socialists hold their annual convention in October, but before then, important changes will be made in the Opposition's "shadow cabinet." Dalton, Chuter Ede and Shinwell have indicated they will not seek re-nomination, and elderly Chief Whip Whiteley has been replaced. This means that four vacancies are created in the "shadow cabinet," and deep interest will now be centred on whether the younger moderates in the Parliamentary Labour Party can win election, or whether the left-wing Devanites will succeed in increasing their present negligible representation in this body which governs in the House of Commons the daily lives of Labour MPs.

RIGHT-WING Socialists are credited with attaching some blame to Bevan and his supporters for the Party's defeat at the recent national polls, and if this conviction is widespread among Labour MPs, they can be expected to vote solidly against the Bevanite candidates for the "shadow cabinet." On the other hand some of the Party's best political brains are to be found among the parliamentary supporters of Mr Bevan, and for this reason their claims to the vacancies must be regarded as strong. Mr Bevan himself is denying any claim to Party leadership, but this must not be taken to mean that he and his colleagues are prepared willingly to sacrifice their influence, particularly within the Parliamentary Labour Party. They appreciate to the full that to receive support from the back benches in the "shadow cabinet" election automatically strengthens their position at the annual Party convention. The Bevanites may be willing to call a tactical truce for the purpose of covering inter-party strife, but they are not prepared to remain indefinitely in obscurity.

Soviet-Indian Action Over Formosa Likely

ADMISSION OF CHINA TO UN Nehru And Bulganin Have Long Talk

Moscow, June 10.

Soviet leaders may suggest to Indian Premier Nehru concerted Soviet-Indian action in the United Nations to settle the Formosa problem and to press for admission of Communist China to the UN, diplomatic circles said tonight.

These circles said that when Soviet Premier Bulganin declared at a banquet last night that Russia, India and China should take steps to reduce tension in the Formosa area, he probably was thinking of joint diplomatic moves rather than any "direct" action.

At the same time, unconfirmed reports said the Russians might ask India to use its good offices to help solve the German problem.

This evening Mr Nehru attended a performance of the "Swan Lake" ballet in Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre. He sat between Kliment Voroshilov, President of the Praesidium of the Supreme Soviet, and Nikita Khrushchev, First Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party.

Mr Nehru and Marshal Bulganin, the Indian and Soviet Premiers, talked for about two hours on "world affairs in general" after a private lunch at the Indian Embassy today.

It was their first formal discussion on world problems and it was expected that the Formosa situation would be included in their talks. The meeting went on for longer than was expected.

At an Indian Embassy garden party afterwards Mr Nikita Khrushchev, Soviet Communist Party chief, was asked for his comments on Mr Nehru's talks. He said: "I personally am very satisfied with the contact established. I think it is a very good thing that Mr Nehru came. There are no points of discord which separate India and our country and there will be no such points."

TRADE DISCUSSED The presence of Mr Lazar Kaganovich, First Deputy Premier, and an industrial specialist, and Mr Anastas Mikoyan, First Deputy Premier and a trade chief, indicated that more trade between the two countries and technical aid for India were being discussed by the two Premiers.

At the garden party Mr Nehru denied reports that Marshal Bulganin had accepted an invitation to go to India. He told Reuters: "It may be that I said

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:

P. 5: The young hostess at No. 10, by Amanda Marshall.

P. 6: Royal Success Story, part two, by Richard Dimbleby.

P. 8: Chapman Pincher reports on the BMA inquiry into hypnosis; DEUCE, the electronic wonder brain.

P. 9: Week-end Woman-sense.

P. 12: A new series on knitting patterns begins.

P. 13: Sir Beverley Baxter's piece.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

Romance Brings Strife To Village

Genemuiden, June 10.

A Romeo and Juliet love affair, which has split this peaceful Dutch village for the past week, appeared to be on the verge of settlement today.

It all started when the parents of Wilhelmina Visser, aged 17, refused to let her marry a 19-year-old factory manager's son, Herman Hansen, because he was "too poor."

The village's 4,000 inhabitants began taking sides in the dispute after Wilhelmina's parents had sent her away to forestal the marriage.

Several villagers stoned the Visser house, breaking all the windows, and some 300 gunshots marked the peace of this usually silent community.

WORKERS STRIKE All 200 workers at the factory owned by Wilhelmina's father went on strike and there was talk of lynching and of burning down the Visser's house.

Police reinforcements were called in to cope with the small-scale civil war after one person was sent to hospital with serious injury and the preacher's daughter was felled by a flying rock.

A state of alert was declared. Finally local officials held top-level talks and persuaded Wilhelmina's parents to let her return and date Herman.

Police were still patrolling the streets today but informed sources said the whole episode might end in a marriage between Wilhelmina and her Romeo.—France-Press.

More Pay For Postal Workers Washington, June 10.

President Eisenhower today signed into law a bill giving 500,000 United States postal workers an average wage rise of eight per cent.

It will cost the nation about \$164 million (\$58,571,428) a year.—Reuters.

Hunt For Communist Agents in S. Vietnam

Saigon, June 10.

The Governor of South Vietnam, Tran Van Lam, has launched a vast campaign to unmask Communist agents who have penetrated Saigon and Cochinchina population centres, a government spokesman said.

Governor Lam has mobilised the Army, the National Security Service and the Ministry of Information in this campaign to clean out Red agitators, many of whom infiltrated South from Communist North Vietnam.

The spokesman said the campaign was similar to one recently conducted in Central Vietnam, which netted 3,055 such agents or Vietminh Party workers. These men are now in special "re-education camps."

GROWING DANGER The danger of Communist infiltration is a growing one in South Vietnam, particularly in villages throughout the country.

In some areas the Reds have even set up their own "administrations" and are conducting "fear" propaganda in preparation for next year's all-Vietnam elections.

Meanwhile, informed sources said that the United States had "unlocked" US\$23,000,000 worth of credits for South Vietnam to enable Premier Ngo Dinh Diem's government to buy French products, particularly food and medical supplies.

The credits will prevent exhausting stocks of these products in Saigon during the coming months, the sources said.

In Western Cochinchina, around the mouth of the Mekong River, government troops lost contact with the rebel Hoa Hao Army commanded by General Tran Van Soai. The government is attempting to clean up the Hoa Hao in this area as it drove another rebel group, the Binh Xuyen, from Saigon last month.—United Press.

Dr Refuses To Give Treatment London, June 10.

Parliament is to hear soon about the doctor who refused to treat the wife of a rail striker until the dispute is over.

The case will be brought up in a question by Mr John Baird, Labour Member of Parliament, in the House of Commons.

The striker is Mr Gerry Poulton, a Wolverhampton footplateman, whose wife had an appointment to see the doctor.

But Mr Poulton received a letter from the doctor who said his principles prevented him from seeing patients on strike "except cases of emergency."

The doctor pointed out that doctors did not strike.—China Mail Special.

The Rail Strike OPPOSING UNION OFFICIALS REFUSE TO MEET

London, June 10.

Two rival railway unions blocked the first major move toward settlement of Britain's rail strike today when their officials refused to meet across the negotiating table.

British Transport Commission officials called for the first joint meeting of the Union leaders today to try and negotiate an end to the 13-day strike.

But Mr Jim Campbell, General Secretary of the non-striking National Union of Railwaymen, emerged from the Ministry of Labour and said: "We did have a talk with the (Transport) Commission, but we have not yet talked with anyone else."

Mr Campbell's NUR, it was hoped, would sit down to talk with leaders of the striking Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen (ASLEF) as well as with the management officials.

Disagreement between the unions over wage differentials is a key to the strike which day by day tightens the screw on Britain's economy.

ASLEF leaders talked four hours today with Sir Brian Robertson, chairman of the British Transport Commission, while NUR leaders stood by ready to join the talks if preliminary agreement were reached.

But the NUR was not called in and the talks were adjourned until 11 a.m. tomorrow.

SAILINGS DISRUPTED A walkout of ocean liner catering workers at Liverpool, meanwhile, spread further harassment for Transatlantic travellers.

The 20,000-ton Canadian Pacific liner Empress of France cannot sail for Montreal tomorrow as scheduled because of the strike and has no prospect of sailing before Tuesday, the steamship line informed the ship's 600 passengers by telegram.

There is a possibility of ultimate cancellation, Canadian Pacific said. It advised the passengers to seek other means of transportation. The 19,000-ton Empress of Australia, operated by the same line, has been delayed at Liverpool for a week by the walkout and most of her 600 passengers have looked elsewhere for means of travel.

The Liverpool walkout forced cancellation of West-bound voyages by the Cunard liners Ascania, Britannia and Mauretania, but Cunard's Medea and Saxonia are expected to sail tomorrow.—United Press.

Bomb Explosion A "Boyish Prank" Stockholm, June 10.

Stockholm's detective chief said today that a bomb explosion in the Soviet Embassy gardens late last night was probably a schoolboy's prank. Every available policeman has been seeking the culprit.

They were also looking for the person who put a time bomb in the premises of the Swedish Soviet Union Society last Tuesday. Both bombs caused some damage but no one was hurt.—Reuters.

Leave Hideout After 10 Years

Rangoon, June 10.

Three Japanese soldiers have emerged from their jungle hideout ten years after the end of World War II and are now seeking Burmese citizenship.

They have been living as cultivators in a remote jungle village near Monywa, in Central Burma, since 1945, when a pioneer unit to which they were attached was dispersed by advancing British troops.

The men are Corporals Kiyoshi Ozawa, 34, and Toyohi Maeda, 38, both of Fukuiken, and Private Masa Nemoto, 32, of Fushimicho Miyagiken.

They were detained recently and brought to Rangoon as unregistered aliens after police had found them in Monywa where they had gone to seek work in a spinning factory which was being built with the help of Japanese experts.

The soldiers do not want to return to Japan for they are all married and say they have become used to Burmese village life. They have applied for Burmese citizenship and are being helped by the Japanese Embassy and a local well-known Japanese dentist, Dr T. Sato.

USEFUL INTRUDERS When the Japanese first took shelter in the village, the local people were frightened or them, but soon found their visitors were most useful additions to the community.

They taught the villagers the latest methods of poultry farming, rice cultivation and animal husbandry and the village became one of the most prosperous in the district. By eradication of pests, they earned the gratitude of the villagers soon after their arrival.

In their spare time, they acted as barbers, masons and first aid men to the villagers.

The Burmese names they have been given show the respect in which they are held—Ozawa is known as Fwa Gyi (Mr Prosperous), good-looking Maeda as Maung Han (Mr Stylish) and Nemoto as Haung Saung (Mr Helpful).

REDS REBUFFED When the Communist rebels overran the district, the Japanese were asked to help the rebels but they refused and the villagers told the Communists to leave their adopted sons alone.

The soldiers organised a village defence unit which kept away the bandits and armed robbers then roving the countryside. In 1949, all three married local girls with permission of the village headman. Ozawa now has a son and daughter, Maeda two sons and Nemoto one daughter.

Their aim now is to become naturalised as soon as possible and return to their families and live as Burmese peasants.—China Mail Special.

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LEAVE
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MONDAY
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CAN INCREASE GASOLINE MILEAGE UP TO 15%!



This single oil combines the best features of grades SAE 10-20 and 30 — is recommended for use in any climate, any season — in new cars or old



TRY A CRANKCASE FULL TO-DAY

Is the shadows shorten

The nearer you approach the Equator the shorter the shadows and the longer the glasses. Where your glass is nearly as long as your shadow, thirst is a major industry.

There in the glasses of those who really know the subject, you find Rose's Lime Juice, Nature's finest answer to thirst, the pure juice of the lime with its own reviving tang and pure cane sugar for flavour and energy.

When you're sun baked, parched and dry — keep your mind on the Rose's ahead, long, liquid, cool, tinkling with ice.

When you have a really first-class thirst make the most of it with Rose's.



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— MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE

KING'S - PRINCESS

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m. | At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

TO-DAY

Their love was an
Outlaw Love!
...and must pay an
outlaw's penalty!

FOUR GUNS TO THE BORDER

STARRING
RORY CALHOUN
COLLEEN MILLER
GEORGE NADER
WALTER BRENNAN
NINA FOCH
JOHN MCINTIRE

COLOR BY
Technicolor

CHARLES CRANE-UY SILVERHEELS-NESTOR PAVA

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

KING'S at 11.30 a.m.
Glynis Johns in
"MAD ABOUT MEN"
in TechnicolorPRINCESS at 11 a.m.
Variety Programme of
20th Century-Fox
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

EXTRA SPECIAL AT THE PRINCESS

TO-MORROW MORNING AT 12 NOON

Jagat-Pictures present

VIJAYANTIMALA & KISHORE in

"PEHLI JHALAK"

with Pran, Shammi, Roopa Verman, Anil & Darasingh (Wrestling Champion)

Music by
C. RamchandraProduced by
S. J. NarainDirected by
M. V. Raman10 Song Hits — 18 Reels — At Regular Prices
BOOKINGS NOW OPEN!

KING'S NEXT CHANGE

In compliance with popular requests made to, and, by special arrangement with J. Arthur Rank Organisation.

From the vivid pages of this best-selling novel comes a picture of outstanding merit!

GREGORY PECK

THE PURPLE PLAIN

WINNER OF THE BEST PICTURE AWARD AT THE 1955 CANNES FILM FESTIVAL

WINNER OF THE BEST PICTURE AWARD AT THE 1955 CANNES FILM FESTIVAL

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EMPIRE

COMMENCING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE GREAT DRAMA OF OUR TIME!

Claudette Colbert • Orson Welles

George Brent in

TOMORROW IS FOREVER

LUCILE WATSON • RICHARD LONG • NATALIE WOOD

JOHN HODGINS • DIRECTED BY OTTO PRIGER • PRODUCED BY NORMAN PANAMA

MADE BY REX STETSON • AN INTERNATIONAL PICTURE • SCREEN PLAY BY LUCILLE CRANE

DISTRIBUTED BY INTERNATIONAL PICTURES CORPORATION

TO-MORROW SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.

GARY COOPER in

"RETURN TO PARADISE"

Reduced Prices: \$1.00, 70 Cts. & 40 Cts.

FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Athena". A back-to-nature family whose children are named after Greek goddesses try to convert a crooner and a young businessman to their moon-struck ways. Edmund Furdum, Jane Powell, Vic Damone and Debbie Reynolds.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Four Guns To The Border". A western in which the bad boys have a change of heart. Rory Calhoun, Walter Brennan and Colleen Miller.

LEE: "I'll Be Seeing You". A girl on temporary leave from prison and a nervous soldier help to rehabilitate each other. Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten and Shirley Temple.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Union Pacific". A western dramatizing the building of the railway linking the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of North America. Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Paris Follies". A light-hearted musical based on the revue, Raymond Bussieres and Robert Dhery.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Daddy Long Legs". A re-make of the old Janet Gaynor picture with Leslie Caron taking her role and Fred Astaire that of Warner Baxter.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Battle Circus". The American Medical Corps in action during the Korean war. Humphrey Bogart, June Allyson and Keenan Wynn.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Conquest of Space". A science-fiction picture which will be running with a short feature called "Assignment Children" — Danny Kaye's recent trip round the world in connection with UNICEF's health programme.

LEE: "The Sleeping Tiger". A psychological romantic drama showing the reactions of a neurotic doctor's wife when he brings home a handsome young hoodlum as research material. Dirk Bogarde and Alexis Smith.

LEE: "Front Page Story". A day in the life of a British newspaper. Jack Hawkins, Elizabeth Allan and Eva Bartok.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "A-Hunting We Will Go". A comedy by Abbott and Costello.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Ten Wanted Men". A western in which a one-time gun-fighter turned peaceful rancher faces the opponents of law and order single-handed. Randolph Scott and Jocelyn Brando.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "That Lady". Historical drama. Olivia de Havilland.

We saw in "The Black Widow", so "Union Pacific" reminds us of a girlish Barbara Stanwyck who wasn't always striding about in riding boots, cracking a whip or curling a lip at the good girl.

In "Union Pacific" she has a straightforward frontier lass role—a little fiery, as becomes the Irish daughter of a railway engineer—but with a heart of gold.

The second half of the turbulent nineteenth century has provided an inexhaustible mine for writers of western stories. Anything that was worth having in the way of land, women or wealth had to be fought for—not with the kid glove methods of today, but with the more spectacular ways provided by guns, knives and fists.

The latter three weapons seem to have been employed extensively in the building of the Union Pacific railway linking the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of North America and almost every foot of track laid down was liable to be torn up by marauding Indians or lawless white men.

As Cecil B. De Mille has a controlling hand in "Union Pacific" one automatically adds a couple of noughts to the number of featured players shown in the cast list and even if the style of acting appears a little dated, there's no doubt that the action is there, with every super-colossal trick in De Mille's enormous repertoire being used.

A Worthwhile

Revival

A worthwhile revival is the Ginger Rogers-Joseph Cotten film "I'll Be Seeing You". The story concerns a girl on parole from prison and a man recovering from the effects of a nervous breakdown.

There is little action, but it's a moving piece of cinema in spite of the fact that we are pretty certain from the beginning that all is going to turn out happily.

True, there are moments when Shirley Temple appears to be going to spoil everything with her prattling tongue, but the moment passes, and Ginger Rogers in spite of the prison sentence hanging over her head is able to restore the confidence of the mentally upset soldier.

The Railway

Builders' Saga

Another re-issue being shown at two of the first-run theatres, the New York and Great World, is "Union Pacific".

Just as "I'll Be Seeing You" showed us a very different Monroe will probably be Ginger Rogers from the actress twenty-four years from today.

However, let's put these gloomy thoughts behind us and consider the present-day "Daddy Long Legs". The Judy Abbott of Miss Webster's book has changed her nationality and become a little French ray of sunshine called Julie Andre.

Leslie Caron plays her with an absence of coyness remarkable when one considers what most of the young stars would have done with the role.

It calls for a young orphan of 18, the pet of a children's home run by a delightful French woman who speaks English, thereby enabling Fred Astaire to face the audience with a bit of repartee which comes over as "Whew! that takes the strain off my French".

Leslie Caron would never win a prize as a singer, but when Fred Astaire, as a visiting American diplomat, discovers her, she completely captivates him by her vocal efforts at teaching the A.B.C. to her fellow orphans.

Adopting A Girl

(Of 18)

There's an amusing scene in which he and his long-suffering secretary attempt to convince the ambassador that there is nothing fishy about a desire to adopt a young girl of 18. To add weight to his argument, Astaire says that he will never let the girl know who her benefactor is, that he will "never attempt to see her and that the monthly letter he wants her to write to him, reporting on her scholarly progress, shall be addressed to a "John Smith".

Of course, it's this monthly letter that causes the whole structure to come unstuck. Wealthy enough to be able to leave almost every detail of his personal and public life to his secretary and his secretary's secretary, Fred Astaire forgets his generous impulse almost as soon as the arrangements for the girl's adoption have been made.

Having only seen his elongated shadow on a wall of the orphanage, Julie, in her expensive American school, conjures around her guardian the roman-

tic dreams of an adolescent and writes her duty letters to her "Dear Daddy Long Legs"—letters he never bothers to read and which are duly filed by the secretary's secretary every month under ANDRE, Julie.

Before the climax, when Fred Astaire is tricked into reading his ward's lonely, pathetic letters, there are many variations on the old boy meets girl, boy misunderstands girl, boy gets girl theme—though I feel it is stretching the definition a little to apply that description to fifty-year-old Fred.

This, as it was for Janet Gaynor, is Leslie Caron's picture. "Daddy Long Legs" may be the title, but though he dances, sings and behaves with as much insouciance as even the battle goes to the females—the second in this case being that dependable trouper, Thelma Ritter.

The dancing is delightful with plenty of imagination having been used in the choreography, and the clothes—with the exception of some of the hideous garments worn by female American college freshmen—gay and colourful.

This is a Cinderella story without any ugly sisters being around to spoil her fun.

Randolph Scott

v The Rest

Randolph Scott's proficiency at horse-riding, his ability to stare straight into the camera with an air of resolution, and his glorious inability to show emotion of any kind have made him a hero to at least two generations of youngsters.

They'll find nothing to discredit their idol in "Ten Wanted Men". Single-handed—even hindered by the well-intentioned efforts of his firebrand nephew, Skip Homeier—he fights off the assorted killers imported by the opponents of law and order.

As a domestically-inclined young woman with well-defined notions of right and wrong, Jocelyn Brando once again shows glimpses of the family talent, and the rest of the cast, whether they are good or bad, behave according to pattern.

This will follow "Paris Follies" at the Queen's and Alhambra, which is already on for a second week-end.

Beefcake And

Crooning

How does Vic Damone's singing appeal to you? Does he send you into the swooning paroxysms that are supposed to overcome his TV fans? Or do you share his modest opinion of himself to Edmund Furdum in the picture "Athena" that he's "just another crooner"?

Perhaps his sponsors are trying to kill the swooner-crooner legend now that it's served its purpose, because there's even a little gentle fun poked at it in this picture, together with some watered-down humour at the expense of Edmund Furdum, physical culture fends, diet addicts and numerologists.

The whole thing is a musical hot pot, the ingredients of which are the crooner, a rich, pompous young man, and a well-intentioned family consisting of seven daughters, grandma, and grandpa, all enthusiastically practising health culture of every description.

Not my cup of tea, I'm afraid, but suitable for an evening's amusement if you want to listen to Jane Powell and Vic Damone, watch pretty little Debbie Reynolds and Edmund Furdum or admire Louis Calhern's delightful emasculation.

One thing I must warn you about. It displays of masculine forces in "Mr Universe" poses sickly you, then be prepared to close your eyes in one or two places—I did!

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m. | 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

2nd BIG WEEK!

Something New.... Something Different.....

PARIS FOLLIES

Featuring the Famous BLUEBELL Girls and a Boy... WITH ENGLISH SINGERS... 100 FRENCH DANCERS

Distributed by United French Film Ltd

TOMORROW AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY

Richard Rossetti presents

J. C. HEARD

World Famous American Drummer & Singer

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ALL STAR BAND

at the QUEEN'S THEATRE

AT USUAL PRICES — ONE SHOW ONLY

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Columbia's

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(3 Stooges — Color Cartoons)

REDUCED PRICES: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M. | 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.45 p.m.

A LOVE WITH THE LAW AT ITS HEELS!

Naked Alibi

STARRING STERLING HAYDEN GLORIA GRAHAM

ROCK HUNTER • HAROLD KESSLER

Battle Cry

PRODUCED BY WARNER BROS. IN

WARNERCOLOR

HEPLIN • RAY • FREEMAN • OLSON • WINTHROP • MANSLEY

THE RUTHER • RAY • OLSON • WINTHROP • MANSLEY

Sunday Morning Show "UNION STATION" with William Holden

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

Owing to length of picture please note change of times.

ROXY: At 2.30, 5.10, 7.30 & 9.45 p.m. | BROADWAY: At 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.45 p.m.

ALL THE FUN OF LIFE IS IN IT!
ALL THE JOY OF LOVE IS IN IT!

Daddy Long Legs

CINEMASCOPE • Color by DuPont

In the wonder of High-Fidelity STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND

Leslie Caron • Fred Astaire • Terry Moore

BOOK EARLY TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT!

ROXY & BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of "DADDY LONG LEGS" AT 12.00 Noon

ORIENTAL AIR-CONDITIONED

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

In 4-Track Stereophonic Sound! Wide-Screen!

Battle Cry

WARNERCOLOR CINEMASCOPE STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND

HEPLIN • RAY • FREEMAN • OLSON • WINTHROP • MANSLEY • RUTHER • RAY • OLSON • WINTHROP • MANSLEY

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW at 12.30 p.m. James Stewart & Janet Leigh in "THE NAKED SPUR"



Leslie Caron, Terry Moore and Charlotte Austin talk the universal language of girls — "Clothes". A scene from "Daddy Long Legs".



PICTURED in her garden is Miss Joan Vickers, the Conservative National Liberal who in the General Election gained the Parliamentary seat for Plymouth (Devonport) from Mr Michael Foot, the Labour Bevanite. A former member of the London County Council, Miss Vickers, 47, served as a nurse with the Red Cross in the Far East during the war. (Express)



LEFT: Wedding at St Paul's, Canonbury, North London, of Jimmy Logie, the former Arsenal football star, and Miss Jeanette Parker, a former beauty queen. Jimmy is now a player coach.



RAYMOND MASSEY, the famous actor, flew specially from New York to London to see his 17-year-old daughter Anna play the title role in "The Reluctant Debutante" at the Cambridge Theatre. The next day father took daughter out to lunch to celebrate her triumph. (Express)



CONDUCTOR Sir Adrian Boult charges a shilling a time for his autograph, and gives the money to the Musicians' Benevolent Fund. But after he conducted a concert at the Royal Albert Hall the other night, it was violinist Yehudi Menuhin who was besieged by the autograph hunters. Menuhin signed for nothing. They are seen with Mrs Menuhin backstage after the concert. (Express)

• HOMESIDE PICTORIAL •



MADAME Leon Volterra, whose horse, Phil Drake, won the English Derby this year, is seen holding the coveted trophy at the party she gave at London's Savoy Hotel to celebrate the victory. (Express)



THE Royal Artillery display at the Corps' annual "at home" at Woolwich. One of the novelties was a race between a modern 25 pounder and a Galloper Gun, here seen in action. It was used between 1685 and 1750.



TO keep this perky face of Zoe Newton, famous British model, on advertisements asking Britons to "Drink More Milk" will cost £500,000 this year. Sales were dropping sharply, but since Zoe put zip into it milk sales have steadied. Farmers think she is worth the money. (Express)



MRS Nora Murray, Russian war bride who wrote a book, "I Spied For Stalin," has just written a letter to Marshal Bulganin asking for his help in getting news of her father, Major-General Vassily Korzhenko, purged from a high Moscow post 15 years ago. Nora, who married a British Embassy official, Mr John Murray, is seen with her husband and family in England. (Express)



MORE than 50,000 people in Hyde Park, London, watched 16 trained dogs herding sheep with uncanny skill. Here one of the dogs is driving sheep into a pen. The display was part of the Daily Express International Sheep Dog Trials. (Express)

LEO VALENTIN, the French bird man who can fly through the air, used a new set of wings when he made a trial jump at Yeaddon, Yorkshire, on Whit Monday. The rest of his equipment includes parachute, crash helmet and altimeter. (Express)

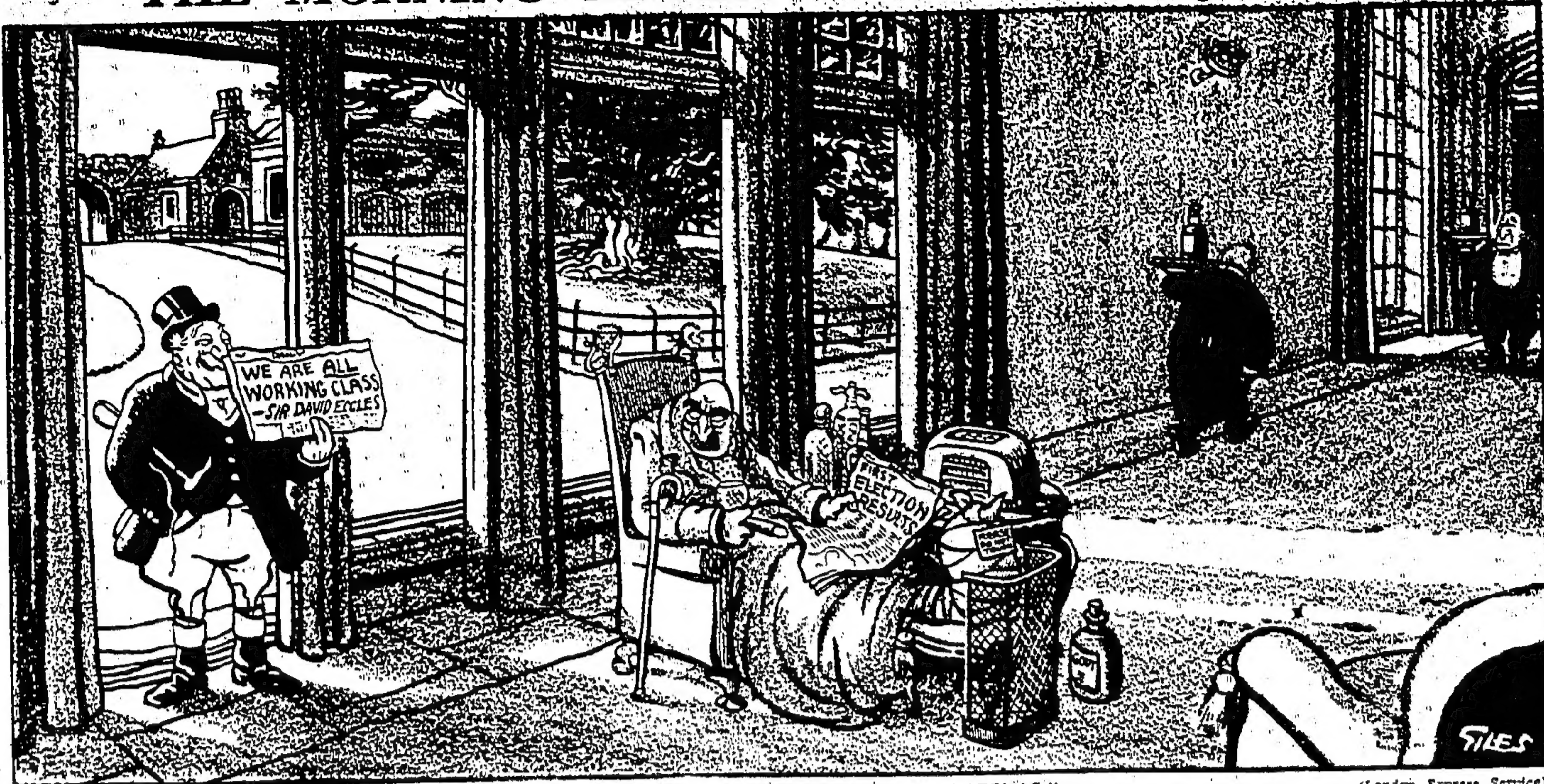
NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK MAGIC
ASSORTED
CHOCOLATES

THE MORNING AFTER by GILES

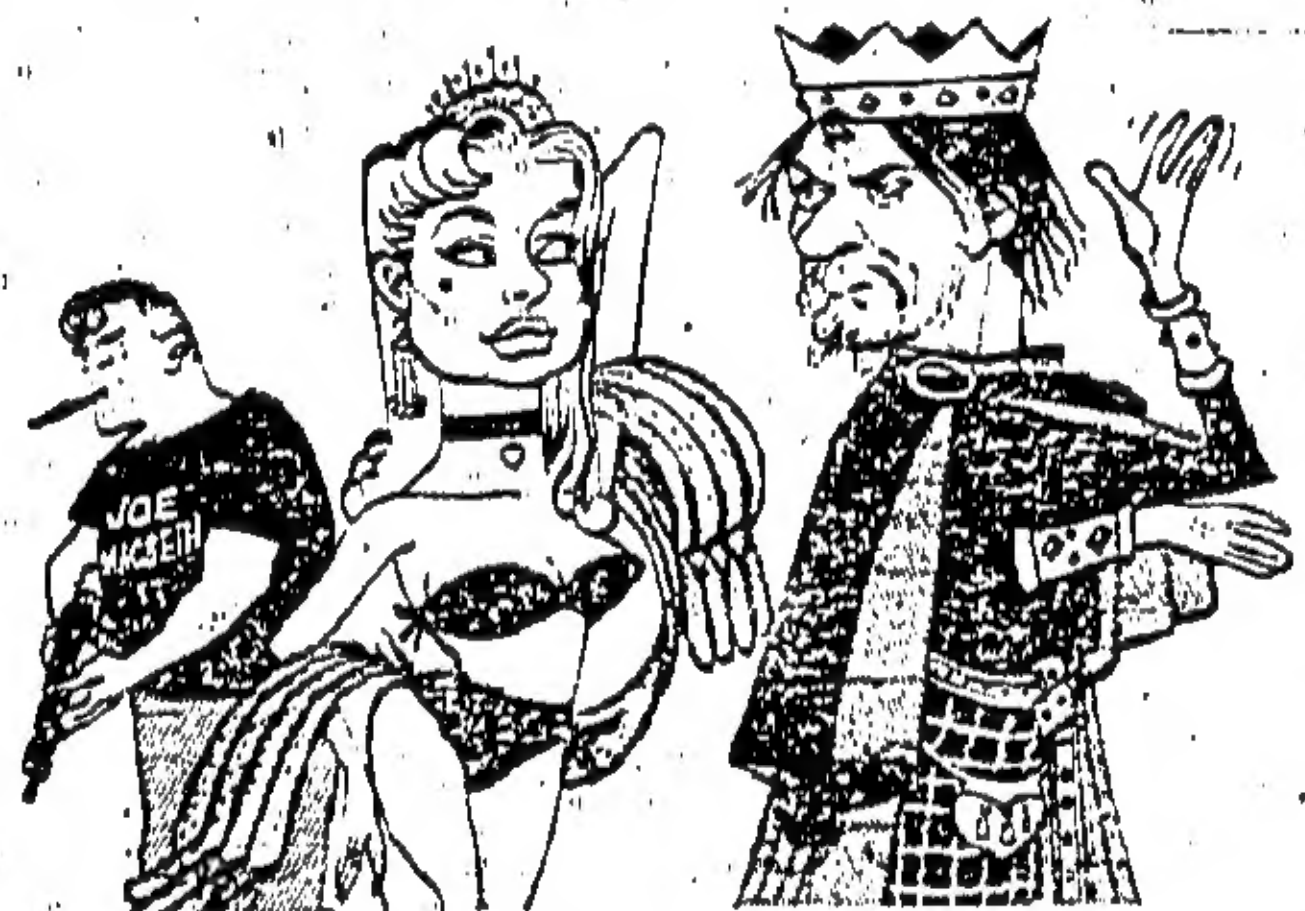


"MORNING, HARRY—PAID YOUR UNION SUBS LATELY?"

—(London Express Service)



The Prime Minister and Lady Eden



LADY M DONS A SWIMSUIT

... and gives a new twist to Shakespeare

"MACBETH is by now in a maniacal state," said the executive producer of Film Locations, Ltd., "he shoots his wife with a machine-gun thinking she is Lenny. Get it? It's an ironical ending."

Shakespeare never thought of that. But executive producer Mike Frankovich did. The machine-gun Macbeth is the 1955 version of the Scottish tyrant. He is the kingpin of the New York underworld in a film called "Joe Macbeth" now being made in England.

You may be disappointed to hear (or again you may not) that machine-gun Macbeth and his game have not been booked for Stratford-on-Avon to alternate with Sir Laurence Olivier and his Lady, who will be doing the more usual version at the Memorial Theatre there.

In a way I am sorry. Ruth Roman's Lily Macbeth, walking in a nylon negligee, might have given Stratford a most un-Shakespearean topic of discussion.

Miss Roman is a Hollywood star who is more eloquent in a swimsuit than a soliloquy. In fact, when I arrived at Nettlefold studios, she was about to change into one.

"A girl who could make Macbeth do the things she made him do, must have had something. You know, they had sex in those days, too."

Miss Roman has not embarked upon this role without due thought. She has come to the conclusion that what Lady Macbeth needed was a good psychiatrist.

"This girl I'm playing," said Miss Roman, "was probably a second-rate singer who went from one man to another until she landed the Top Man. I should think she came from a poor home and she wanted power so she could hurt those people who had hurt her."

"See I know a bit about psychology. You have to in my profession — to know what makes people tick. I played a depressive amnesiac case in a TV show not long ago. I got to understand about such things."

DEBUTANTE

Not content to follow the more usual patterns of the English aristocracy, the Churchills, like the Cecils, seem to insist that art-and-education should keep breaking in.

In the uneasy, ominously halcyon days of 1938, Miss Clarissa Churchill began to figure in the social-and-fashion magazines as one of the year's most interesting debutantes. She was intelligent and good-looking. At this time, her photographs show a serious, unsmiling blonde girl, still a little plump and without the look of fine-drawn elegance she has now, but already graceful and poised and given to simple, classically draped evening dresses (it is somehow impossible to imagine her ever in frills and white tulle).

She liked golf and tennis. But here she began to devote interestingly from the traditional debutante routine. She took drawing classes at the Slade—three days a week. She followed an extension course in English and French literature at London University.

INDEPENDENT

This was not a typical, specialised, academic university education. It was liberal, self-chosen, independent, civilised, and enlightening.

During the war she took an independent outlook into a decoding job at the Foreign Office and also worked at the Ministry of Information, where she wrote articles for a wartime English newspaper produced in Russia.

After the war she took a job as features editor and critic of the arts for Vogue. She went to theatres, cinemas, operas, and art galleries. She bridged the gap between society and the arts, which is so perilous and difficult to span successfully—a feat accomplished by such prodigious wire-walkers as Lucian Freud and Miss Churchill's close friend, Cecil Beaton.

UNEXPECTED

Her life in high-toned, expensive Bohemia took her into Korda's film kingdom. She worked as a publicist for "The Fallen Idol" and "Anna Karenina," together with an elegant American girl and Miss Penelope Lloyd-Thomas, Lady Diana Cooper's personal secretary. The three elegant young publicity women were known in the film world as the Three Graces.

The quiet of her life was never much disturbed by publicity. But twice she did appear in the papers. Once when she lost a fur coat to a New Year's Eve party burglar; and once when decorators in her flat took some jewellery which they apparently believed to have been worthless, since, in the best traditions of English eccentricity, she seemed to have been keeping it in the margarine box under the sink.

VICTORY

In her more recent life of big diplomatic dinners, receptions and international occasions, she has impressed by her memory for names, her social ease, and her evident victory over what many people felt might be a major difficulty for her—her natural and very genuine shyness. Her world has expanded significantly—from a cottage and a London flat, to Number 10 and Chequers. She fulfilled her public duties gracefully—at conferences, horticultural shows and ship launchings, as well as at embassy gala occasions. Now she has even bigger commitments.

As the wife of the Foreign Secretary, some of the pattern of her old life still remained. She still managed to get to the theatre. She used her early knowledge in a practical way—she advised on and watched over the decoration of Lancaster House, and the workmen remarked that she "knew what she wanted" and never raised her voice—a comment which in fact sums her up as well as any. (She continued to garden, lishing with the firm of She took to under-water swim-

THE YOUNG HOSTESS AT NUMBER TEN

By AMANDA MARSHALL

LADY EDEN, who is 35 this month, is the youngest Prime Minister's wife Britain has seen this century. She is also the least conventional.

For has any other Prime Minister's wife worked for a fashion magazine? Or as a publicist for films? Or kept her jewellery in a margarine box under the sink?

Clarissa Spencer Churchill is the daughter of Major John Spencer Churchill, Sir Winston's only brother. He was a soldier who served with distinction in the South African and the Great War. Her mother, who died in 1941, was Lady Gwendoline Bertie, daughter of the 7th Earl of Abingdon, a charming, cultivated woman, one of the beauties of her day, who loved and studied the arts and counted among her friends the unquenchable Lady Oxford.

Of Clarissa's two elder brothers, one studied civil engineering at Cambridge, the other—a second Major John Churchill—was an artist before the war.

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She liked golf and tennis. But here she began to devote interestingly from the traditional debutante routine. She took drawing classes at the Slade—three days a week. She followed an extension course in English and French literature at London University.

Then she moved to Oxford, where she studied philosophy under the volatile, brilliant Isaiah Berlin, a New College don, who was one of Churchill's advisers during the war, an authority on music and Russian literature as well as philosophy, and the only great Oxford conversationalist to hold his own with equanimity against Lord David Cecil.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson, where she joined the editorial staff of the magazine Contact. She still managed to make her words overlap.

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Legend says that she once infuriated Orson Welles by calmly reading a newspaper on the sidelines of the set during a difficult scene. Miss Churchill was said to have been genuinely astonished by his reaction. The world of film publicity was probably never exactly right for her.

ming in Greece. She had her portrait painted—not by a fashionable big name, but by a young artist, John Ward, with a sensitive and truthful line. She even danced recently at the Royal College of Art ball.

And at the beginning of this year she was looking for "an old-fashioned parlour-maid" to do her husband's valeting as well, their only other permanent staff consisting of a cook.

Her orchid-pink wedding-dress was made by her own private dressmaker, not by a big couturier—and that seems indicative of her whole nature.

She is young to be the wife of a Prime Minister. She is also a Churchill—a fact which reinforces her youth and comparative inexperience out of all recognition.

She has a directness, a calm simplicity about her that spells strength and purpose.

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RICHARD DIMBLEBY continues

THE ROYAL SUCCESS STORY

ONLY one person in the land stands above the Law—the Sovereign. All others, even those closest to the Queen, are her subjects, bound by the statutes of the Realm.

In considering the position occupied by the Duke of Edinburgh in the two years since the Coronation, and the major contribution which he has made to the work of the Royal Family, we must remember that he is simply one of the Queen's subjects, with no particular privileges.

Of course, he is also the Queen's husband, and here lies his true value. He is in a unique position, being both an ordinary man who can mix as freely as he wishes with the public at large, hearing its views and knowing its opinions, and the only person who can talk as freely with the Sovereign in complete privacy. He alone can penetrate the remoteness which I believe it is important for the Crown to retain.

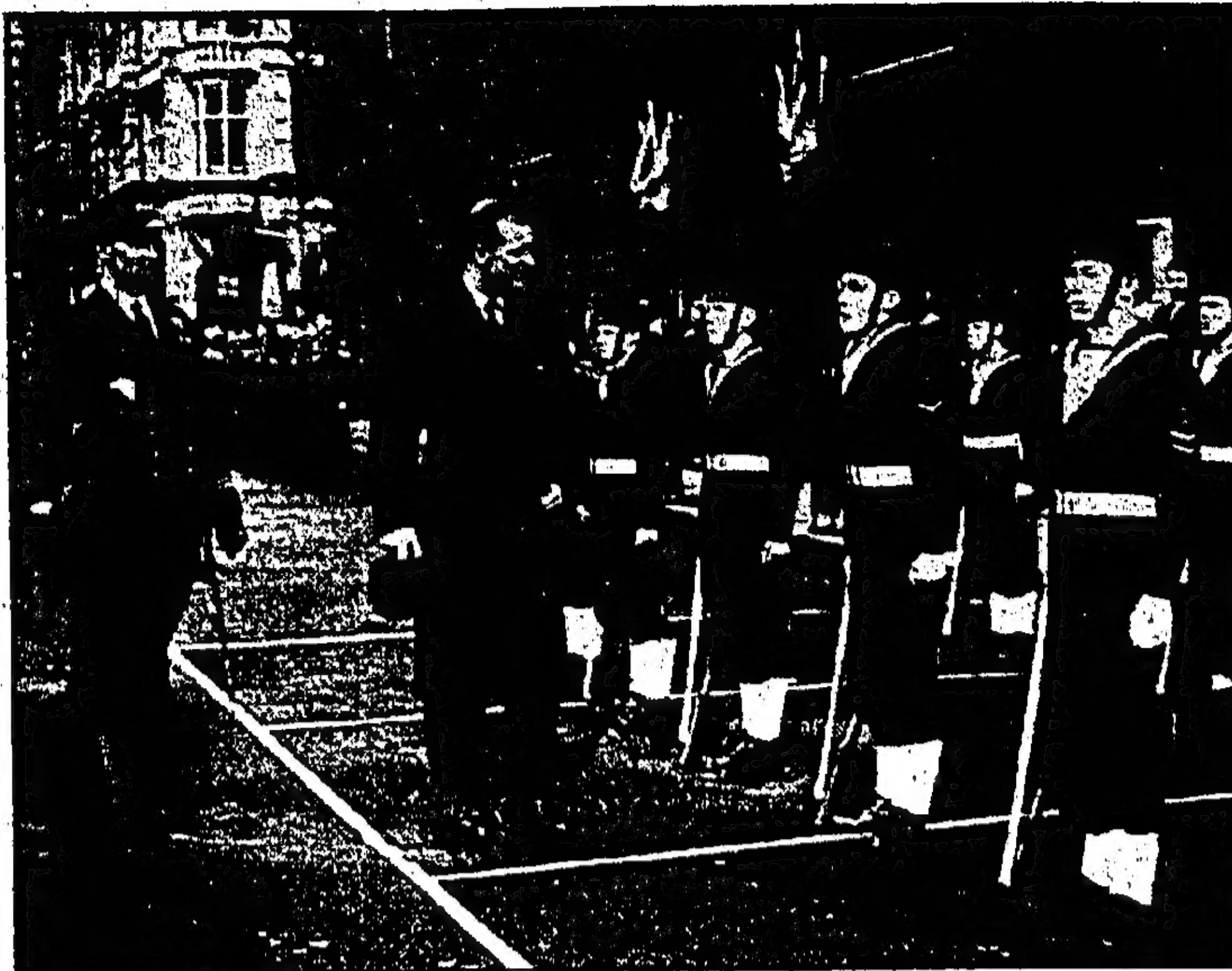
"Done very well"

YOU will often hear it said of the Duke, "He has done very well." In much the same way as we speak of a man who has tackled a new career and is making a go of it. That is exactly what Prince Philip has accomplished, and without preliminary training.

True, he was of royal blood, but his upbringing was that of many other young men—public school, Dartmouth, and the Royal Navy.

The school was run by a man of new and determined ideas among them that all his pupils should learn to stomach defeat as well as to enjoy victory. The curriculum included a great deal of practical hard work. The training syllabus of Dartmouth and the Navy is known to thousands of development of character, sense of duty, willingness to shoulder responsibility are predominant.

It would be hard to over-estimate the value of these qualities when brought into the Royal Family circle by a vigorous and outspoken young man.



LIFE IS A CHALLENGE TO THE DUKE

Though he may not have realised it, he was destined to become the Crown's public relations officer on the highest level, the ordinary man walking at the side of the Sovereign.

Apart altogether from the mutual love and trust of husband and wife, an entirely private factor which it would be impertinent to discuss, the Duke may well have been apprehensive about his new position. He was an immensely active man, accustomed to personal freedom and initiative and given to blunt speech on occasion.

Even now, two years after the Coronation, when he declared his homage to the Queen and took Communion at her side, he sometimes reveals in public that the old Lieutenant Mountbatten is still there just under the surface. Speaking to the Home Fleet this spring, and declaring his love of going to sea, he added: "It's true that being a passenger all the time is rather deadly, but one can't have everything, I suppose." And on another occasion, when addressing factory operatives whose skill he admired, he carefully described himself as twiddling his thumbs.

However much the Duke may regret the necessity of being what he believes is "a passenger," the events of the past two years have shown clearly enough the importance of the role that he plays. He is a constant source of strength and courage to the Queen, particularly when she is engaged on long tours and repeated public appearances.

Lighter touch

THERE is an old-standing proverb on such occasions which is much overdue for revision. It entails incessant and tedious presentation of people of no great importance, and a repetition of identical ceremonies.

The Queen herself would not dream of interfering in these arrangements, for she has accepted the principle that the Sovereign must carry out the tasks laid down by tradition. But the Duke may be in a position to recommend changes to lighten his wife's burden and to modernise the "drill," meanwhile, he is there to share the work.

The strain of the Commonwealth tour would have been unbearable for the Queen without his presence, and those who saw the film records of the journey must have noticed how often an unexpected gesture by the Duke, a smile or a joke with some bystander, lightened the formality of the occasion.

In the chair

ANY man who brings informality and outspokenness into a world where rigid custom has ruled for so long invites criticism, and the Duke has not escaped this. As long as it is directed at him personally, at an individual and not at the Throne, he does not much care.

He enjoys the freedom of the subject and has no intention of losing it, and is quite content that the rule that "King can do no wrong" does not apply to him. Many of his public speeches have been pointed and invested with certain criticisms, always well-founded.

He believes in getting to the bottom of any subject that he tackles, and has consistently refused to grant his patronage to any society or good cause without being allowed to take an active interest in it.

To quote three examples of this. When the Industrial Welfare Society decided to hold a Commonwealth and Empire Conference to discuss the social responsibilities of industry and

its human problems throughout the country, the Duke invited a group of trade union leaders to Buckingham Palace to discuss the whole question with him privately, ignoring the criticism voiced afterwards.

When the committee formed to preserve the old clipper Cutty Sark met, the Duke took the chair, and by his pointed suggestions about quarters from which financial help should come, produced a large part of the money needed.

When agreeing to open the 1953 Motor Show, he reserved, as always, the right to prepare his own speech, and used the occasion to compliment the motor industry on its export achievements, but at the same time to criticise the lack of attention paid to the driver's comfort.

"Why is it," he asked, "that there always seems to be a handle or a knob just opposite the driver's right knee? And surely a little research in the wind-tunnel would do away with the piercing draughts from a window open a quarter of an inch?"

Genuine interest

SUCH occasions have given the Duke the opportunity to show that he intends to use his position for the public good, whatever criticism he may incur. He is genuinely interested in the things that interest the man in the street.

I know from personal experience his curiosity about the technique of broadcasting and his delight in shaping a carefully prepared occasion to suit himself.

He will turn suddenly from the path of an official inspection and ask to see a building not included in the programme, and on at least one occasion, at the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington, where the scientists were on the look-out for a royal limousine, he drove through the gates in a small family car, almost unnoticed.

I have made no mention of the field in which his influence has been felt more than anywhere else—aviation.

Here, again, he has used his personal inclination to the common good. He told the Royal Aeronautical Society: "First, like some small boys who wanted to drive railway engines, I wanted to fly. Second, I realised wherever men were bound together by common ties and aims, there develops a certain sympathy between them. Particularly is this true of air-men, and I thought that if I began to learn to fly I might begin to understand some of the demands on, and the difficulties of, pilots."

Air-minded

AGAINST considerable opposition, though not voiced by the Royal Family, he learned to fly. Then he turned to jet aircraft, and when the Government asked him not to use them and, in fact, told the Royal Air Force not to allow him to fly alone in jets, he found a convenient two-seater Meteor jet trainer—with dual control.

He has been a pioneer of the common use of the helicopter as a means of getting about quicker and doing more work in the course of a day, and when the time taken between airports and Buckingham Palace "irked" him, he took to landing and taking off in the Palace garden.

With a purpose

ALL this has been done for a purpose, not just for amusement. He must have first-hand knowledge and experience; he must understand the subjects about which he speaks.

Life to the Duke of Edinburgh is a challenge much as it was to that Prince Consort who came from a foreign land a century ago to face prejudice and obstinate disapproval.

For Prince Philip there is still criticism, though happily much less than Albert had to face, and it is steadily dwindling with the realisation that his is a notable contribution to the work of the Family.

He is its eye and its ear, and the despair of those who seek to prove that the whole idea of Monarchy is effete and out of date.

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NEXT SATURDAY: CLOSING THE DOOR ON GRIEF

When the heart takes a downward plunge . . .

by DENISE ROBINS



What the figures show

THE fact that more marriages are dissolved when husband and wife are aged between 30 and 34 than in any other age combination is noted in the Registrar-General's figures just established in England.

New divorce petitions totalled 30,542 in 1953. Most popular age for marriage in the year's total of 344,991: For men, 23; for girls, 21.

Most popular month for marriage was not June. It was March, with 58,840 weddings. August was next with 38,255. November, least popular, had 15,475.

moments of doubt or disillusion

The sensible ones get over these moments and, because they love each other, they analyse the trouble. Before it can grow any bigger, they analyse the antidote.

It's the foolish and the careless ones who are too impatient to stop and review the situation.

They press on—only to find that what was once a little cloud has become a sort of spiritual smog, in which they lose themselves and happiness for ever.

The real danger is in disregarding that first moment of warning.

When the first spot of bother comes—when first you think: "We aren't getting on so well"—then there is danger. BUT NOT INEVITABLE DISASTER.

The rot

FOR it is then "the sensible" couple set to work and ask themselves: "WHY?" It is then that they try to put things right.

It is like having a new car. When the first small thing goes wrong, it can be quickly put right—and the result is perfect performance again.

Ignore it—and you are in for serious trouble later.

IT'S THE RUNNING REPAIRS THAT ARE WANTED IN MARRIAGE.

I am convinced that half the marriages that break up could be saved if only husbands and wives would treat marriage as they do their new cars—with respect, striving to repair the damage when the slightest thing goes wrong.

Of course, some people—women in particular—don't apply for a divorce until they have let things go to such an extent that it is too late for repairs.

The rot has set in. Like rust, it can eat away the metal.

I say: Look out for the first rust spot, and so minimise the chance of a wreck.

The fight

ONE elderly couple I know suddenly decided at the age of 70 that they could not stand living together.

They had been putting up with each other, putting up a good fight, you might say. But what the use of trying to live with someone on sufferance? It is pretty bleak and lonely.

And the worst thing of all is the way some people sit on their grievances—wait till the trouble is past hope; then rush to their solicitors and say: "I can't stand it a moment longer."

Much better to reach that pitch straight away, with the added thought: "I can't stand it as it is, but it might be better if I could find a way to alter it."

The bride

THAT downward plunge of the heart... sometimes at 70... and sometimes at the very beginning.

I know of a case in which the warning flash of danger illuminated the very church in which a young couple were being married.

She had never seen the best man before. She fell in love with him when she walked up the aisle, and saw him standing beside the bridegroom.

She was too afraid to draw back. She ought never to have allowed herself to see the best man again. But she did—and the result was catastrophe.

Yes, it can almost be said that the danger of divorce begins from the moment the clergyman says those words "Dearly Beloved"—and only ends with death itself.

AMERICA'S BIGGEST CIVIL DEFENCE EXERCISE

New York. By JOHN SAMPSON

THE biggest civil defence test yet undertaken by any nation is being planned for this country on June 15. On this date Americans will be expected to imagine no less than 51 hydrogen bombs showering down on half the principal cities of the country.

The "enemy," sweeping down from Alaska to the Panama Canal, will drop theoretical bombs ranging from the "baby" that fell on Hiroshima in 1945 to one with a potential destructive force of five million tons of TNT. Advance warning (of up to three hours) will be broadcast over radio and television, except in seven cities, which will be "attacked" by surprise.

In Washington, 15,000 Government employees, headed by President Eisenhower, will scatter to secret relocation centres in six neighbouring states where the work of government will continue.

In New York, as in most of the other cities, streets will be cleared, and office workers

herded into shelters for 15-20 minutes.

The test, planned for nearly a year, catches the country while it is still divided into two schools of thought—those who want to spend money on shelters and those who believe the only hope is in evacuation.

Actually Civil Defence Administrator Val Peterson is urging both courses. He is asking citizens to build backyard shelters of concrete reinforced with steel and covered by three feet of earth, while at the same time he is pressing cities with evacuation plans to try them out on June 15.

The biggest evacuation is scheduled for the industrial and railway centre of Milwaukee; on Lake Michigan, 70 miles north of Chicago. Here the eyes of the nation will be fixed for the answers to many questions.

In a recent survey of 570,000 people inside Milwaukee, and another 340,000 outside, it was found that 75 per cent are willing to take part in evacuation drills.

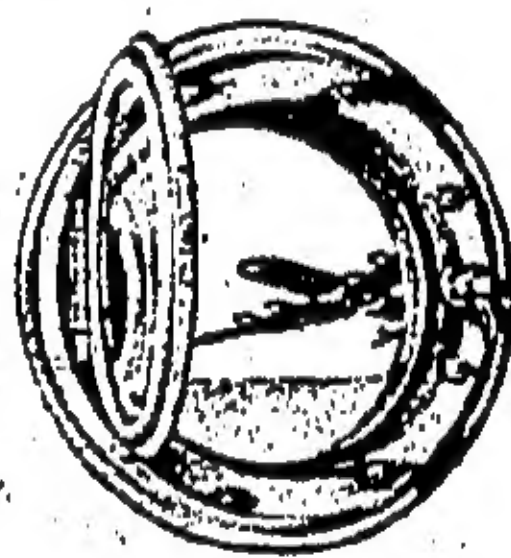
The survey estimated that 300,000 Milwaukeeans could be

moved to safety in three hours under ideal conditions. About an eighth would go out by air, train and lake steamers. The rest would be moved by road. Civil defence official Eugene Sleski explains: "What we're planning to do is evacuate 75,000 people from the northwest sector of the city. They will be taken out in private cars, buses and lorries over three highways designated as 'escape routes'. All incoming traffic will be stopped."

The evacuees will be taken to reception centres in the country in the morning, given a light lunch and brought back to town in the afternoon. The northwest area in fact will be completely evacuated that our police are now working on the dangers of looting.

New York, on the other hand, has been cited as one city where emergency evacuation is impossible. The next best thing, according to local officials, would be to order everybody out of New York at the start of hostilities and leave it a "ghost city"—until America wins air supremacy.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



EVEN MAGICIANS CAN'T CARLSBERG

TICKET TO TROUBLE

FOURTH
PART

By LEONARD MOSLEY

LOUIS FRASER, a young British actress in Cannes for the Film Festival, is due to meet "Jules" in the Casino at midnight to hand over a mysterious package thrust on her by a woman called "Elsa." Jules sends Louise to Elsa, waiting in a car outside. But Elsa has been strangled, and Louise is confronted by the strangler.

I SAT in the car, the murdered Elsa leaning against me and the shaven-haired man's cold fingers on my shoulder. I was paralysed with fear.

"The envelope, Mademoiselle," he said, again. "I warn you that if you scream this time I shall really kill you. You will see that I have nothing to lose."

He gave a push at Elsa with his other hand so that she slumped forward against the windscreen. "I have only one head—and the guillotine cannot remove it twice."

I tried to move, but I could not. It was a moment in which time seemed to stand still. I was very conscious of everything that was going on around me.

In those moments when I thought he was going to kill me, I was still able to look out of the car and watch the people coming out of the Casino after their evening at the tables.

DOWN the steps came the two delightful little Japanese girls who have been in Europe making a film about "Madam Butterfly," and I was enough in possession of my faculties to think how their pretty little voices would rise to high-pitched screams if they knew that death had struck a few feet away from them.

Francine Arnould, the tough girl of French films, came out with Esther Williams, Eddie Constantine, and Jules Dassin behind her.

Constantine is an American who has become the most famous film detective in France. Dassin (who made "The Naked City") has just directed a picture called "Brawl Among Men" which is one of the toughest gangster stories I have ever seen on the screen.

AND it was funny, just looking at them—knowing that I had a dead woman beside me, that a killer's hands were on my throat, and knowing that these were only celluloid heroes—that the only person who could help

me now was an honest-to-goodness French policeman.

The soft voice came again, a little charged with nervousness now, and as he spoke the fingers tightened. "There is death for all of us in your hesitation, Mademoiselle. The key, give me the key!"

And suddenly I was galvanised to action and I was furious. Here I was, a young English girl, just trying to make her way on the stage, out of pocket in order to get to Cannes for the Film Festival; and all I was getting was trouble, trouble, trouble.

I swung round and smashed my arm with all my strength against the man's face. Simultaneously, I wound down the window of the car and I took the key and I flung it into the water of the harbour.

And then, opening the door, I began to run, screaming, screaming screaming.

BY the time I had reached the door of the Casino, the commissaire had come out, and following him was the young man Jules. Behind me I heard the roar of a car, and as we turned it raced away along the harbour road, past the Casino and up into the twisting roads of the old town.

I felt a touch on my arm and I saw that Jules had come up to me. He was looking concerned, and my heart turned over for him—because obviously he did not know.

"Your wife," I said. "She is in that car, and he has killed her."

"What wife?" he replied. "I started at him. 'Elsa,' I said. 'I found her dead in the car. The man has strangled her.'"

"Poor Elsa," he said. He turned to the commissaire, who was standing beside us. "You will telephone the police, please. Tell them they must look for an English car with the number WPJ 798. That there is a woman inside—you say she is dead, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes," I shouted. I was beginning to feel a little hysterical by this time, he was taking it so calmly. "She's dead, dead, dead! Your wife has been murdered!"

He took me by the arm and led me into the Casino. "Come,

I will buy you something to calm you. It has been a trying time for you. But she is not my wife, Mademoiselle. Presently I will try to explain."

We went back through the gaming rooms and into the bar, where Eric, the English barman, served me a drink. It was all so quiet, and everyone looked so unconcerned, that I felt as if I were dreaming. Elsa Maxwell sat at a table, talking nineteen to the dozen, while Sir Alexander Korda, Carol Reed, and the Begum Aga Khan patiently listened.

PRESENTLY the police came, among them the detective who had questioned me at the Hotel Fantastico. To my amazement, the first thing he did was to go up to Jules and shake his hand.

And, as we drove to the Surcouf, he turned to me.

"But why did you not tell me, Mademoiselle, that you know Monsieur Bassin?" he said. "And why did you not tell me that Elsa had given you the envelope? If you had mentioned that, we would have believed you—and done something to protect you. We thought you were just an English starlet trying to get her name into the papers by inventing a story. We did not realise that you were helping to track down a murderer."

I passed my hand wearily across my forehead. "Please, I don't understand anything. Won't you tell me, before I go crazy, what this is all about?"

JULES patted my hand. "First," he said, "you must give us the key. That is the clue to everything. Once we have the key safely in police hands, and the address that Elsa gave you where she hid the box, everything will be all right and there will be no disaster tomorrow. But we must have the key. That is the important thing."

I looked at them both and then I said, in a small voice, "But I threw the key away. When that awful man grabbed me I threw it into the harbour. I haven't got it any more."

"Sacre bleu," said the detective. "What do we do now, Jules? There isn't much time. Our information is that they plan to do it tomorrow. Someone will die tomorrow, Mademoiselle—if we don't open the box in time."

"Next Saturday: Is there time to save a life...?"

EVERY DAY a tale to read—a tale that leaves you wondering: Is it FACT or FICTION?

TODAY the story is told and the problem posed

by PETER CHURCHILL

ODETTE KNEW BETTER...

IN 1952 my wife was spending the early part of November in France with a great friend of hers whose family were wine growers in the sunny province of Languedoc. It was not her first visit to the old, shuttered manor-house surrounded by miles of vineyards and she knew its family history for several generations back just as she was well acquainted with the many Roman remains lying between the ancient towns of Narbonne and Beziers.

It did not take her ears a week to get attuned to the sing-song accent of the southern natives and it seemed that her eyes had always noticed the ever-changing light on the Corbières mountains to the west.

Gestapo cell

Simone Herall, mistress of the Domaine St Crescent, was the ideal companion with whom to share all this. Of the same age, nationality and gay temperament, in her society my wife hardly noticed the days as they flowed into one another, completing the change she needed from the bustle of her London life.

On November the 5th, in this peaceful atmosphere, it was therefore all the more astonishing for Simone to observe that



her friend's attention began to wander. It was 10 o'clock in the morning and Odette had been enjoying a late breakfast in her room. Suddenly she put down her cup with an unsteady hand and a look of distress came over her whole being.

"What is the matter?" asked Simone, who had spent months with her guest in a Gestapo cell. "Something awful is happening to Peter."

"Whatever makes you say that?" "I always know if he's in danger."

"Have you had such premonitions before?" My window was wide open, with the anti-draught section slightly turned to catch the fine rain. Had there been wings on the car, I thought, she would have been airborne in about another 15 seconds. Turning up the radio, I joined in with Mario Lanza at the top of my voice.

By now the speedometer was rapidly gaining the 80 mark and 800 yards, or so, ahead the straight ribbon of road dipped out of sight down what I imagined must be a slight incline. Though there had been no indication of a corner, one could never tell.

Few motorists in this country have not, at one time or another experienced a rude surprise from the occasional absence of warning signs or through their being placed too close to the danger spot.

The skid I took my foot off the accelerator and the needle sank back through 70 and 60 down to the fiddles on the drag of the engine. I took the brow at 50 and there, to my horror, curled the unbraked right-hand bend. I braked gingerly, but to no avail.

The car went into a four-wheel skid. Releasing the brakes, I gently accelerated out, at the same time giving left-hand correction to the steering. The wheels merely spun round and the deadly skid went on.

In lightning succession I tried out all the tricks I knew, but this time the accident that had been awaiting me these thirty years had got me in its toils. Now I must pay the price for breaking the golden rule—"Don't do what you can't see."

"Quite often, and they've never been wrong so far. In the war, when anything could have happened at any time, I never had them; that's why, after we were captured, I was sure they hadn't executed him."

"Well, what do you think has happened?" "I'm not sure, but I've got a shrewd suspicion."

"Would you like to send him a telegram?"

My wife hesitated for a moment. "No," she said, finally. "I'll wait. Perhaps, after all, I'm being foolish. Anyway, I'm beginning to feel a little better already."

She got out a writing pad and, controlling her desire to fill the paper with her uppermost fears, she condensed them into a final brief sentence after giving me her news.

The low, black sky that hung like an evil omen above the Salisbury Plains held little hope of the "bright intervals" forecast earlier that morning.

The screen-wipers, which were beating time to some music from the car radio, were smearing a film of mud across my line of vision that the soft drizzle was not enough to clear. A squirt of water from the "fountains" soon washed away the mud, but the rain was still falling, and the straight road that joined the dim horizon, I pressed down the accelerator.

The powerful car swept forward, with its sweeping speed, its spirits soared. Life was good and I began to count my blessings.

My wife was away where the sun shone, and the rest of the family were at home, and I was happy. After a week's lecture tour, ending on the high-note of Dartmouth Naval College, I was on my way home to London.

I had slept well on the previous night and had now, at 11 a.m. on November the 6th, come a long way in a very short time. The car was running beyond the highest claims of its manufacturers, without effort or noise, only the new tyres changing their faint hum according to the different road surfaces.

This particular stretch of road had been so evenly rolled that I suspected its smoothness below the soapy spray. Yet, far out-weighting these deliberations were the thrill of speed, the thrill of well-being, the consciousness that with each passing year I was driving better, was more alert.

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Although the deep tread of the tyres—all pumped-up to within an ounce of each other at 28lb.—should have done better than this, I had forgotten one thing—the hundredweight of boiler in the boot when driving alone.

Thank God the road was clear. If I survived this I should finally have learned something, but if I were to survive it at the cost of others' injuries, or lives, I should never have got over it.

I quickly gathered up my belongings and had assembled most of them beside the mangled heap when an A 70 Station-wagon pulled up. Its driver, seeing me take a last look inside my car, inquired, in anxious tones, if I had been the sole passenger.

When I had put his mind at ease and he and his family, who had seen my car rush by them several miles back, had ceased gaping at the miraculous survivor, they asked where I was going. By a stroke of good fortune they, too, were bound for London.

In a matter of moments my luggage was on board, we had introduced ourselves and were proceeding at a more reasonable speed in the right direction. The Mullocks were more than Good Samaritans; they were a delightful family and I was glad when they accepted my invitation to come in for a cup of tea as we drew up outside my front door.

In order not to frighten my mother-in-law they agreed to stick to my proposed yarn that a lorry had skidded into my stationary car as it stood outside a shop in Ilminster. As this had happened to a previous car of mine the story had a good chance of holding water. It all went off like clockwork and my family rejoiced that I

The boot lay wide open and my luggage, tools and golf clubs

had bounced out and scattered over a large area like an exploded hand-grenade.

My niblick lay in a field on one side of the road and beyond the hedge on the other bank hung a red slipper beside my dressing gown.

The petrol tank was gushing out fuel through its gaping mouth, particles of broken glass lay in crystal heaps along the road, whilst the front wheels spun on in silent accusation.

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had provisionally been inside the shop at the time.

Two days later I wrote to my wife telling her the same tale. This smooth phrased letter crossed with one from her in which the last sentence caused me to rub my chin reflectively.

It ran: "Although I always feel safe as a passenger in the car, do be careful when you're driving alone and please don't go so fast."

When my wife returned from France and after I had welcomed her at the airport, she looked at me with more than usual intentness for such an occasion and said: "Now tell me what really happened to the car."

"You got my letter, didn't you?" I tried, evenly.

"Yes, I got your letter, all right. But tell me, Peter," she pursued, tilting her head in the manner of mothers who want to know who's pinched the jam, "what was the colour of the lorry?"

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DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put your tick in the space above and keep this panel by you until Monday... when the answer will be given—with another story in this series by...

H. A. Manhood

Did yesterday's story—An incident at Bath, by Claude Houghton—actually happen? The answer is—NO.

REDS LAUNCH PEACE OFFENSIVE BUT PLAN FRESH EXPANSION

From A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

A WORLDWIDE peace offensive in the classic style has just been launched by Russia and Communist China. Its aim is to create a belt of weak, neutral states around the Communist empire.

As the Communists make peace overtures on one front—Formosa—there is plenty of evidence that they are trying to expand in other directions.

The latest expression of Communist "goodwill" is the offer by Chou En-lai, the Chinese Foreign Minister, to "sit down and negotiate" with the United States.

Soviet Premier Bulganin has also repeated his "positive attitude" to the idea of negotiations at the highest level.

But there are several Communist moves which indicate that the peace offensive is a purely tactical device.

One of these was the recent publication of a statement on "Middle East" affairs by the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs. This, according to observers here, is at present causing more anxiety in London

and Washington than any other question, except that of Formosa.

The Soviet Middle East declaration gave notice that Moscow will, from now on, take an active part in Middle East affairs. It said that if the Western policy of "building up aggressive blocs" and of putting "pressure on Middle Eastern states" is continued, Moscow will ask the United Nations to intervene.

The Soviet statement added that Moscow will "defend the independence of the Middle Eastern states."

On the same day, Radio Moscow announced the ratification by the Supreme Soviet of the Soviet-Persian agreement on frontier and financial matters concluded on December 2, 1954.

Moscow is playing its old double game. Its sudden willingness to sign the Austrian peace treaty was an important concession—but it also created a state of uneasiness in Western Germany.

A similar purpose is served behind the Middle Eastern declaration. For it is a prelude to Soviet expansion into new areas of diplomatic activity, its plans to establish "friendly" Arab peoples against the West.

The Moscow Middle East declaration is in line with everything the Communists have been saying in Bandung. Just as Chou En-lai was trying to persuade the Asian states that the West

Chinese Communism is no danger to them, Molotov was trying to persuade the Arabs that Russia is the friend who will help them against the "bad imperialists."

Moscow's move had an immediate response on the Arab side. The Syrian Minister in Moscow asked to be received by Foreign Minister Molotov and declared his government's "gratitude" for Moscow's intervention in Middle East affairs.

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Meanwhile, Communist propaganda for internal consumption has been maintained at the same level of violent anti-Western vituperation that was started by Molotov in his speech in February.

Secretary Krushchev's speech on April 20 in Warsaw was one long tirade against the "imperialist bandits," as he called the Western nations.

The idea of Communist world revolution is being actively propagated—more at present than at any time in recent years.

PROPHETIC WORDS

In his Warsaw speech, Krushchev said: "I will recall the prophetic words of Lenin: The first Bolshevik revolution has snatched 100 million people from the imperialist world. The next revolutions will take away from the imperialists the entire human race."

Both in Warsaw and Moscow, during the celebrations of the 10th anniversary of the Soviet-Polish pact, it was repeatedly stressed that Russia and her allies are going ahead in the plans to establish a world Communist army under unified command.



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greater convenience and added accuracy by the patented Perpetual self-winding "rotor" mechanism; that it will not only tell him the correct time, at a glance, but also the date, shown clearly and automatically in a neat window on the dial.

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HYPNOTISM

A SENSATIONAL REPORT

HYPNOTISM, the uncanny power of one mind over another, becomes respectable as from now. It is officially accepted as a most effective form of treatment by the British medical profession.

A report recommending the fullest use of hypnosis wherever it can help has been sent to more than 60,000 doctors by the British Medical Association.

It is based on an 18-month inquiry by experts led by Professor T. Fergusson Rodger, of Glasgow University, who have examined the claims of medical hypnotists and studied their methods.

The experts state they are convinced that hypnosis, which has so long savoured of witchcraft, really has the power to help sick people and relieve pain.



NOW IT CLIMBS UP FROM THE WITCH-DOCTOR LEVEL—Official

It may also be the best tribute to a solution of the problem created by the very large number of people requiring psychotherapy (treatment by psychological means), they said.

The experts are so convinced of hypnosis's value that they urge all hospitals to teach the art of it to medical students.

Hypnotism is an art which almost anyone can learn, the experts stressed. It is not an inborn gift peculiar to a few "Svengali" types.

So not only psychiatrists but family doctors may now make use of a black magic device which has been professionally discredited for centuries.

The precise methods of inducing hypnosis, which involve such devices as watching flashing lights and listening to monotonously repeated words, are withheld from the report.

Because of the relative brevity of treatment with hypnosis, research may con-

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An analysis of the B.M.A. inquiry by CHAPMAN PINCHER

met recently to discuss the legal aspects of such crimes.

The experts also warn that a highly emotional bond is often created between the hypnotist and the person under his control—especially in the case of a woman.

Nobody can keep a person hypnotised for as long as Svengali kept Trilby in George du Maurier's famous novel. But the power of hypnosis is so great that it should be strictly reserved for professional men who are bound by a rigid ethical code, the experts urged.

Further, only a doctor has the skill to decide when a patient is likely to benefit under hypnosis.

EXPERIMENTS

It is largely because hypnosis has so often been practised by showmen and charlatans that the medical profession has been slow to accept it.

Though hypnosis will never be a cure-all, its ultimate value may be so great that the experts recommend a full-scale programme of research to probe its precise effects on the brain and mind. The Medical Research Council may now be asked to sponsor such experiments.



At the same time, scientists should look for a possible link between hypnosis and faith cures, the experts suggest. "Hypnotism was known and used as a means of healing mainly by a religious setting by the major ancient civilisations," the report states.

It now takes its place among the synthetic drugs, electric machines, and gleaming instruments of the modern clinic. —(London Express Service)



IS IT HIS BEARD?
Two tips from Alfred Drake: grow a beard and be a romantic actor.

WHAT GIVES THESE MEN CHARM?

ANNE SHARPLEY chases an elusive

little word that none can define...

WILL somebody tell me what CHARM is? After a day of trying to wring confessions from two charming men I am still not sure what it is. Except that both of them have it.

So as not to make the charm-chase too difficult for myself I chose two Americans, both of them on the stage. (Famous English charmers have a way of coming unstuck. The Americans seem to use stronger glue, or are genuinely—charming.)

On my right, bearded, rich-voiced Alfred Drake, making eyes in the stalls stary-eyed at the swashturbanning Arabian Nights fantasy "Kismet."

On my left, perfectly profiled inheritor of 10 generations of stage charm, John Barrymore, Jr.

IS IT HIS PROFILE?



Or is it the Barrymore smile, shown below?

convince that one is not really like that.

I went away convinced—and charmed.

In dissecting the charm (undoubtedly) of young Mr. Barrymore, I had his pretty red-haired wife's help.

Mr. Barrymore, wearing a brown jacket with a white silk thread woven through it and enormous cuff-links of uncut jade that he calls "Aunt Ethel's eyes," looks more Byronic than Barrymore.

"I don't know what charm is unless it's to be as friendly as possible. At least it's always worth trying. You might be missing a good friend," he said earnestly with a frown between his gorgeous brows, looking like a Neurotic Age Apollo.

Don't tell

His wife, Cara, who is as bright as a poppy and could hardly be speaking from experience, chipped in: "Johnny can take the most dull woman and make her feel she is charming him."

Mr. B.: "But charm isn't just that. I'm surprised anybody ever found a word for it. It's not just politeness or being attentive. It's spontaneous."

Mr. B.: "Like when you say, even in a crowd, 'Darling, I'd like to kiss you right now.'"

Mr. B.: "Darling, you're confusing charm with passion."

Mr. B.: "Oh, no. Lots of men love their wives just as much as you love me, but they don't tell them."

We passed Las Vegas

Mr. B.: "But women think it's charming if a man bends down and kisses their hand. If I can't kiss a woman's lips, I'd rather not bother."

Mr. B.: "What about the way you remember everything about me? Even my stocking size?"

Mr. B.: "8½ stockings, 5½ size shoes, 8, 10 or 12 coats. And 34B cup, if you want to know it all. Your eyes are green with red flecks in them and there is a large freckle on your right eye."

Mr. B.: "I don't even know his shirt size! And last year we passed the place in Las Vegas where we married and I didn't even recognise it."

Mr. B.: "Just because I have a memory for detail. You can't call it charm."

Mr. B.: "Yes, you can. It's charm."

N.B. Both men passed the simple Sharpley test that most men fail. Having once learned that I do not smoke, roundel women are hard to forget.



THE BARRYMORES: Friendliness... or a memory for detail?

As Mr. Drake (42) has had 20 years more than Mr. Barrymore (22) in which to be charming, we will investigate him first.

On the stage Mr. Drake is the sort of man all other men must dislike intensely. He makes it clear every woman needs (and deserves) a tall, handsome persuasive buccaneer with a voice like Mr. Rank's gong. After seeing Mr. Drake no woman could put up with less.

Sober clothes

When I went to see him in his elegant house in Kensington I expected he would at least make his entrance via the chandeliers. He didn't even use the banister.

Into the room stroled a quiet, bespectacled, bearded man of medium height in sober clothes and the air of a well-groomed provincial professor.

His handshake was preceded by a suggestion of a bow with just a suspicion of creaked heels.

His smile was well judged to be welcome but not to overwhelm.

He declined the photographer's suggestion that he use a two-handed gesture for his picture. ("Not in the living-room"), and explained there were no boy scout rules for charm like being polite, decent and clean-living. His voice, also modulated to the living-room, was soft and agreeable as the sound of book pages being turned.

He gave me a few rules: "Women are attracted to courtesy, provided it is not lip service."

"Most women are attracted to someone who can be gossably interesting in conversation."

"All women, and men, are delighted to find someone who is interested in them."

Of less general application are his two tips—to grow a beard (it is going to be an actor playing romantic roles).

"In the States if you wear a beard you must be either eccentric or important. And you've got to be important to be that eccentric."

"If one plays a dashing roundel women are hard to forget."

Introducing DEUCE

by DIANA CROUCH



Laboratory. But now he has been ousted from the limelight by DEUCE and consigned to a life of humdrum routine, comparatively speaking.

The big and significant difference between DEUCE and ACE is that, while the latter was a respected and reliable scientific assistant, DEUCE is, near, to qualifying as a scientist in his own right.

Not only can he add, subtract, multiply and divide more efficiently than any other machine in Europe—and possibly in the United States—but he can make logical choices and solve problems complex enough to bewilder the finest scientific (human) minds.

All this from a "baby." For DEUCE is little more than three months old. His birth was an expensive operation which cost English Electric £40,000 in construction costs alone.

He is a large baby but a passive one. For although he occupies some two hundred square feet of floor space, he can be handled by a single operator.

Among his achievements to date is much of the research calculations which went into the construction of the still highly secret interceptor aircraft.

The essence of his complex workings can probably best be explained like this—

DEUCE is fed with cards, about the size of an ordinary post card, on which a numerical code, representing the proposition for solution, is punched as a series of small holes. His rate of work would cause a shop steward to faint. For he can read and cope with two hundred of these cards in a minute.

On either side of DEUCE two satellite machines, rather like human secretaries, respectively receive the cards and announce the answers when the mastermind has completed his computations.

From the outside—to the lay observer, at least—the only

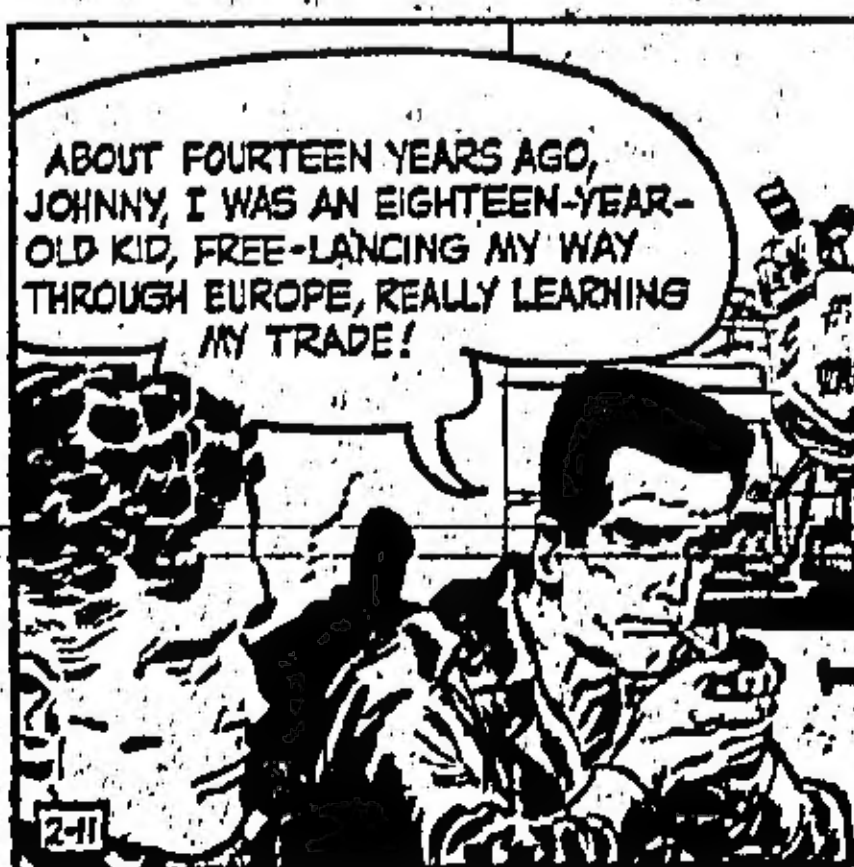
brain. He is a British brain-child, developed by a long, narrow laboratory, English Electric concern, coldly tiled and bare of and through his efforts Britain may well challenge the United States' scientific supremacy.

DEUCE is the scientific worker of the future. His makers claim for him the ability to work out in a few hours mathematical calculations which would have cost even Einstein months of tedious figure work.

At the moment DEUCE lives and works in the English Electric factory in Staffordshire, much of which is devoted to electronics research.

By Frank Robbins

JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation calls for a San Miguel

GIRL de LUXE

Don't Nurse The Baby If You Have Chronic Illness

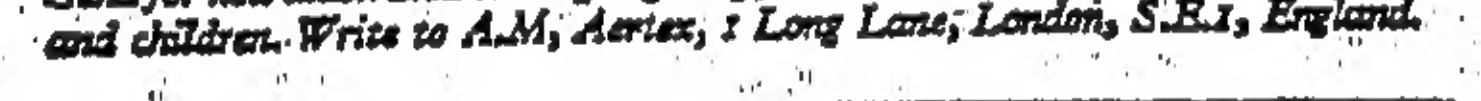
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AMONG those present at the cocktail party following the Royal Hongkong Yacht Club's closing regatta. In picture at the top, the Commodore of the Club, Mr A. G. Dalziel (centre), is seen with Dr A. R. Hodgson (left) and Captain I. V. Hyde-Smith. Immediately above are Mr P. Calderara, Mrs T. Brandel and Mr Dalziel. (Staff Photographer)



GRADUATES of the Mechanical Engineering 5th Year Evening Advanced Class of the Technical College entertained their Principal, Mr S. J. G. Burt (seated centre) and other teachers at dinner at the Club Lusitano last week. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Her colleagues in the Hongkong Telephone Co., Ltd. expressing their good wishes in a toast to Mrs C.M. Sequeira at a dinner party given in her honour. Mrs Sequeira recently retired after 52 years' service with the company. (Staff Photographer)



SCENES at the opening on Monday of the new Library of the Hindu Temple. Pictures show Mr F. T. Melwani, President of the India Association, speaking at the ceremony, and Mrs D. S. Mohan, who performed the opening, receiving a bouquet. (Staff Photographer)



COLONEL J. D. Clague (centre) and some of the guests at the cocktail party he gave at the Hongkong Club on Wednesday. With Col. Clague are, (from left) Mr A. C. W. Blaauw, Mr Ralph Hunt, Mr Elmer Chu and Mr Y. C. Wang. (Staff Photographer)



LITTLE Gladys Li, daughter of Mr and Mrs Simon F. S. Li, blowing out the candles on her birthday cake. Gladys was seven on Monday, and several of her young friends attended her party. (Ming Yuen)



GROUP of Prefects of Queen Elizabeth School, together with the Principal, Mr W. F. Cheung, who is seated in centre. (Ming Yuen)

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A young student of the Sook Myung Girls' High School of Seoul, Korea, doing a Korean folk dance at a party given by Mr P. J. Koh, Hong Kong manager of the Bank of Korea. The Korean girls won several basketball games in Hong Kong.



MR Jack Filcroff and his bride, formerly Miss Dorothy Hall, after their wedding at the Union Church on Tuesday. (Willie's)

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MR and Mrs Thomas Wilson pose for photographs with friends after their wedding at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. The bride was Miss Mary Lydia Rowe. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: On Monday, His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, visited industrial establishments in Kowloon. At the Amoy Canning Corporation's factory, he saw the various processes of canning and bottling food products for local consumption and for export. At the Chee Lee Shipyard, Ngau-chiwan, His Excellency inspected every department and went on board vessels nearing completion in slipways. (Staff Photographer)



THE opening of the Wah Yan College Past Students' Association's new bathing pavilion at South Bay was well attended. Picture shows some of the members and friends who enjoyed themselves. (Staff Photographer)

GENERAL Maxwell D. Taylor, who has just relinquished his posts as United Nations and United States Commander in the Far East (extreme left), welcomed at Kai Tak on his arrival last Tuesday by Lt-Gen. C. S. Sugden, Commander, British Forces. Gen. Taylor is on his way to Washington to take up the post of US Chief of Staff. Gen. Sugden was knighted by the Queen this week in the Birthday Honours. (Staff Photographer)

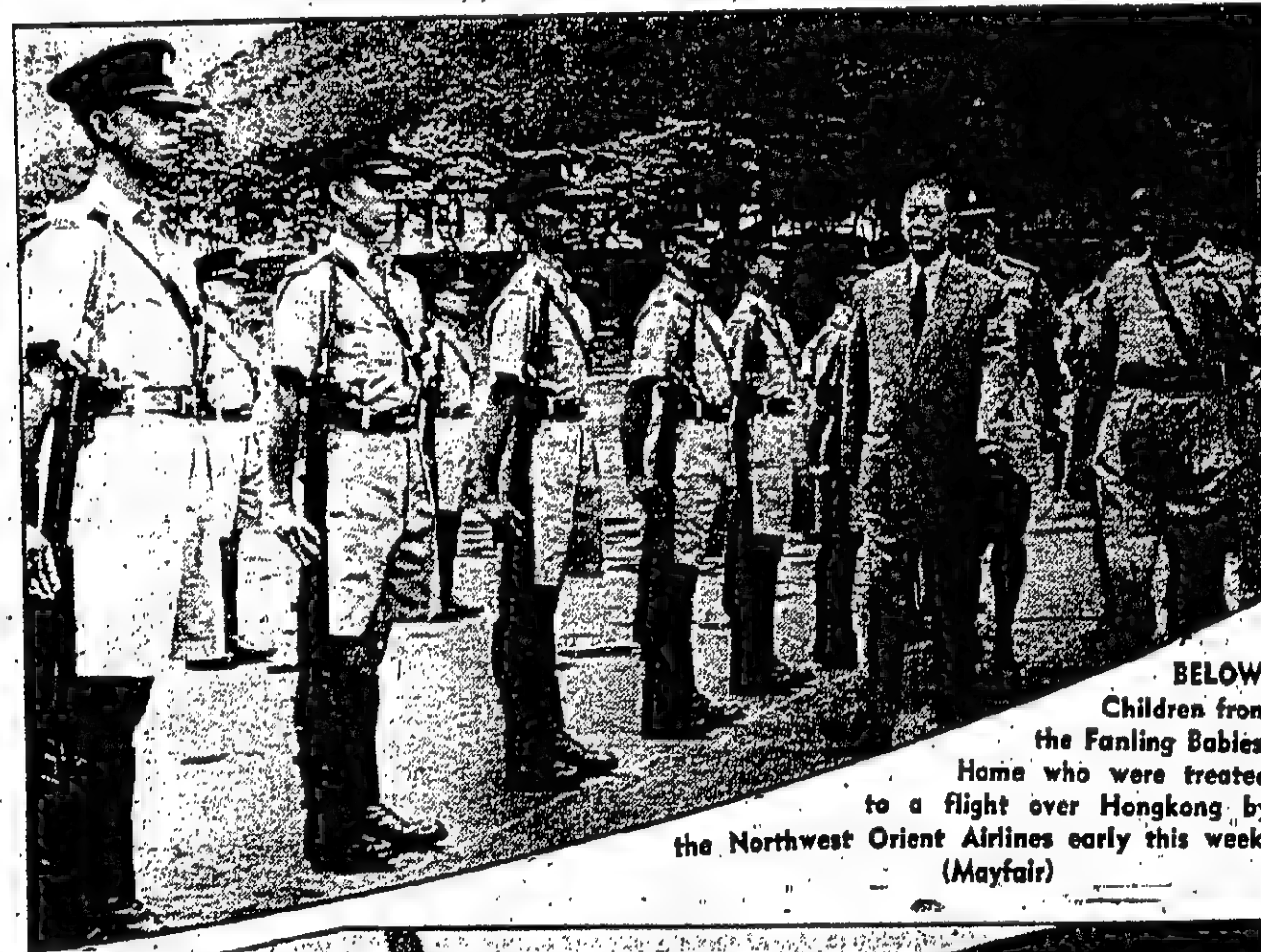


SEEN with his parents after his christening last Sunday is baby Peter Robert Jones, son of Mr and Mrs F. W. Jones. The christening took place at St John's Cathedral. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: The Hon. Kwok Chan inspecting recruits of the Hongkong Police at last Saturday's passing-out parade at the Police Training School, Aberdeen. (Staff Photographer)



DR F. J. Molthen, Hongkong's Commissioner of Softball, shakes hands with players of the visiting Blue Eagles team from Taiwan before their game with the Saints, local champions, at King's Park. The Hongkong team won comfortably. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Children from the Fanling Babies' Home who were treated to a flight over Hongkong by the Northwest Orient Airlines early this week. (Mayfair)



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HOW TO CHOOSE THE RIGHT CARPET

THERE is a wool carpet suitable for any room in any home. The right carpet will give warmth, colour, character, comfort and many years of hard wear. A room with the wrong carpet may have warmth, but it probably lacks character and looks crowded and dreary.

How does one choose the right carpet? This is a fairly simple task if the purchaser bears in mind that he is not just buying a carpet. He is also setting the appearance of his home for years to come.

TYPES OF WEAVE

Before searching for a carpet the purchaser should get to know the principal types of wool carpet. These are: Axminster, Wilton, Brussels, Tapestry, Velvet and Chenille.

Axminster is one of the most popular carpet weaves. In plain and patterned designs with a wide choice of colours, Axminster carpets range from the less expensive to the very best according to the closeness of the weave and the depth of the wool pile. In the case of an Axminster all the pile appears on the surface.

Wilton carpets are usually closely woven and have a pile of smooth texture. They are made in lustrous colours, in plain and well defined patterns. Incidentally, there is a very wide price range. Patterned Wiltons have a further cushion of wool woven into the base below the pile surface.

Brussels carpets are like Wiltons, but the pile is looped instead of tufted.

Tapestry is a less expensive grade of carpet with a looped pile.

AVOID CLASH

Tapestry Velvet is a better grade of Tapestry carpet. It has a tufted pile.

Lastly, the popular Chenille carpet. This has a special feature. The wool pile is prepared before being woven to the backing. Chenille Axminsters can be purchased in all price ranges in plain and patterned designs.

Both Axminster and Wilton carpets are very hard-wearing and luxurious to the touch. In fact, a fine quality Wilton is generally regarded as the best machine-made carpet of all. As

single-colour carpets they are unrivalled. Moreover, the Wilton weave is the best for embossed or tone-on-tone patterns.

The salesman will help the purchaser to get the best value and the right carpet. But he, too, must know the room's size and height, its view and location, the floor condition and the traffic the carpet is likely to get. In the case of fitted carpets it is also wise to bear in mind the carpet in the neighbouring hall or passage to avoid a clash of colours. If a clash cannot be avoided, get a small slip mat of neutral shade and place it on the passage or hall side of the doorway. This may save the day.

Taste and purchasing power are often in conflict when carpets are being bought. This problem may be solved by buying best quality carpets for rooms in constant use and less expensive carpets for bedrooms which get less wear. Another saving can be made by the use of three small matching carpets instead of one large carpet in bedrooms with double beds.

ELEGANCE

For rooms of irregular shape choose a square to fit closely to the walls of the main part. Matching carpet can be used to fill in the odd shapes.

The fitted carpet gives a look of luxury to any room and it is particularly useful in small rooms because it gives an impression of spaciousness. There is no need for the housewife to polish surroundings. Moreover, they help to banish draughts.

If the large strings can be stretched, a little the fitted carpet gives an air of elegance and dignity. Incidentally, it is a mistake to try to lay fitted carpet yourself. This is an expert's job, for it is not so easy as it looks. Remember that all the edges should be bound so that they do not fray.

The carpet square, too, has much in its favour. It costs less and it can be turned round occasionally to equalise the wear. But the carpet square should not be so small that it looks lost against a wide background of polished floorboards or linoleum.

Stairs are best covered with Wilton. Other types may have a tendency to "grin"—to show an unsightly line of backing where the carpet is bent over the nosings.

By purchasing a foot or so more than you actually need, you will be able to move the

stair carpet slowly downwards to offset the harsh wear on the nosings. The surplus can be folded back quite neatly against the top or bottom stair riser. Stair carpets should be moved down at regular intervals.

The wise carpet buyer will purchase good quality underfelt or rubber underlay at the same time. This makes the tread more luxurious and the carpet will look better. Underfelts act as a soft cushion between the heavy furniture and any bumps or irregularities in the hard floor surface.

When it is done properly, choosing a carpet can be as much fun to adults as the paint-box is to the child.

BASIC COLOUR SCHEMES

Although there is a host of colours and tones, there are still only two basic kinds of colour schemes—harmonising or contrasting. But beware of making use of stronger colour contrasts than you can live with. Red and green, for instance, would be very tiring. Light colours show a kiddy's footprints or where baby has wheeled her doll's pram. Very dark shades reveal dust, dirt and dust.

Middle colours are good for concealing such things, but simple two-tone designs or patterns are the most practical. The sunny room is a good place for the blues and greens and the more subtle colours. North light robs a room of its colour, but this can be avoided by the deliberate choice of more vivid tones than would normally seem desirable. North rooms require vivid, full-blooded, rich shades.

PATTERNS

Great care should be taken when choosing a patterned carpet. Big or small patterns are the most suitable for very large rooms. Endless repetition of an average-sized design tends to give a room an overdone appearance. The choice depends on the size of the room, and whether the carpet purchaser aims to "extend" or "diminish" the size. Generally speaking, the larger the design the smaller the floor area will appear.

A small-patterned carpet in a small lounge can make the room look bigger. All patterned carpets have "the advantage of hiding footprints."

The type, colour and style of the carpet must be selected with an eye to the general appearance of the rest of the

room. The appearance of furniture can be enhanced if it stands on the right carpet. Where a new carpet is being chosen for a room already furnished, remember the colour of the woodwork and the chair coverings. A fine oak dining suite, for instance, looks more significant on, say, a plain green carpet than on a plain beige carpet.

In a new room where the furniture, wall coverings and draperies have yet to be chosen, decide on the floor covering first. When the carpet has been chosen, you have the basis for building a colour scheme for the room. This will help you to decide how much pattern can go onto the walls and into the curtains and furnishing fabrics.

Yours is a new, modern-style house, you may wish to furnish it with the most fashionable furniture and fittings. Solid colour carpeting is much in vogue now. A plain-coloured carpet leaves one a wide choice of patterns for the rest of the room. Textured carpet styles, tone-on-tone fashions and overcast patterns, including those big leaves and classical motifs, are all in the height of fashion.

PRACTICAL NEEDS

In halls and on landings it is advisable to consider practical needs first. Light colours will soon suffer under the constant tread of shoes bearing dirt and dampness from the pavements. A sturdy weave in the medium colour ranges with a textured or patterned surface is an admirable choice for such places.

Study your home, its design and aspect before looking for carpets. Remember that its furnishings can give years of restful enjoyment if they are well chosen.

— Henry Foster

Zippy Sauce for Ham Loaf

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

"A NOTHER debut!" exclaimed the Chef. "The best ham loaf into which I have ever put teeth; also a new hot mustard sauce. Sit down here at the table and taste."

"This ham loaf is exceptional, Chef. How did you make it?" "New Ham Loaf: Combine 4 c. ground odds of cooked tenderloin, 1 lb. ground raw lean pork, 2 c. soft enriched bread crumbs, 2 beaten eggs, 1 1/2 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. powdered mustard, 1/2 tsp. ground black pepper and 1/4 c. milk. Mix until thoroughly blended. Pack into an oiled 9" x 5" x 3" loaf pan. Bake 1 hr. in a moderate oven 350° F. Unmould; serve with mustard sauce."

"I judge you used the odds of baked ham from the food freezer, Chef." "Oul, Madame. The had been frozen about a month, which is as long as they should be kept. However, it not convenient to use smoked ham, 2 (12 oz.) tins of chopped ham could be used instead. The recipe makes a larger loaf than usual, Madame, so it means more for the money. It will be very good sliced to serve cold with a tossed salad, and most excellent sliced thin in sandwiches for the lunch-box."

DINNER
Tomato Soup
Ham Loaf
Baked Potatoes
Casseroled Onions
Tossed Green Salad
Peach Crisp
Cocoanut Topping
Coffee
Tea
Milk
All Measurements Are Level
Recipe Serves Four
Peach Crisp — Cocoanut Topping: Rub a 9" pie-plate with butter or margarine. Dust with 1 tsp. granulated sugar. In it place 8 drained peach halves round side up. Pour in 1/2 c. peach syrup from the tin. Cover with cocoanut topping. Bake 35 min. in a slow oven, 350° F., or until lightly browned. Serve warm or cold.
Cocoanut Crumble: With the back of a spoon blend 1/4 c. crushed corn flakes, 3 tbsp. shredded cocoanut, 3 tbsp. butter or margarine, 1/3 c. sugar and 1/4 tsp. ground cinnamon.
"I must also congratulate you on the mustard sauce for the loaf, Chef. It is nice and zippy, with a sweet-sour taste, yet it's still suave in flavour."

"That is because I used a little sugar in it, Madame. This tends to step down the very sharp taste of mustard. The sweet-sour taste came from stirring in fresh lemon juice."

Sweet-sour Mustard Sauce: Combine 2 tbsp. sugar, 1 tbsp. sour, 1/4 tsp. salt and 2 tsp. powdered mustard. Beat 2 egg yolks; add 1 c. milk; stir into the dry mixture. Cook and stir over low heat until as thick as heavy cream. Stir in 2 tsp. fresh lemon juice. Serve hot.

THE FAIR ISLE PINAFORE DRESS

Materials: 3 ozs. Nursery Vignette Knittings, 3 ply, Natural (main colour), 1 oz. Red, 1 oz. Blue, 1 oz. Yellow, 1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 24-26 inch Chest Length: 31 1/2 inches. Tension: 7 sts. and 9 rows to 1 inch on No. 10 needles.

Abbreviations: K. knit, P. purl, st. stitches, inc. increase, rep. repeat, cont. continue, tog. together, inc. increase (by working into the front and then into the back of a stitch), st. stocking stitch (1 row Knit, 1 row Purl), g.st. garter stitch (every row Knit), N. natural, B. blue, R. red, Y. yellow.

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

With No. 10 needles and N. wool cast on 118 sts. and K. 2 rows.

Now work striped band thus:—

1st row, and 2nd row. With Y. knit 2 rows.

3rd and 4th rows. With B. K. 2 rows.

5th and 6th rows. With R. K. 2 rows.

7th to 10th rows. As 1st to 4th rows.

With N. work 8 rows in st. st. beginning with a K. row.

Now work the first Fair Isle band thus—With Y. knit 2 rows. With B. K. 2 rows. With N. K. 1 row. P. 1 row. Now with N. and R. woole only work Fair Isle pattern from chart No. 1. Work in st. st. knitting the odd numbered rows, reading them from right to left and purling the even numbered rows, reading them from left to right and working 1 rep. of chart and 1 extra st. each end in N. across the row.

Thus the first 2 rows will be worked as follows:— As chart K—2 N, 2 R, 1 N, 2 R, 4 N, (1 R, 2 N) twice, 1 R, 4 N, 2 R, 1 N, 2 R, 2 N, rep. from—3 times, then K. 1 N.

2nd row. K. 1 N. As chart P—3 N, 1 R, 1 N, 1 R, 4 N, 3 R, 1 N, 1 R, 1 N, 3 R, 4 N, 1 R, 1 N, 1 R, 3 N, rep. from—3 times, then K. 1 N.

Cont. thus working through 12 rows of chart. Then with N. K. 1 row. P. 1 row. With B. K. 2 rows. With Y. K. 2 rows. This completes the Fair Isle band.

With N. work 8 rows in st. st. beginning with a K. row. Cont. working Fair Isle bands with 8 rows of st. st. in N. between until 3rd Fair Isle band has been completed.

Break off contrasting woole and cont. with N. only. Work 2 rows in st. st.

Next row. K. 7.—K. 2 tog. K. 4. Rep. from—to last 6 sts. K. 2 tog. K. 7 (100 sts.)

Cont. in st. st. until work measures 12 1/2 ins. ending with a P. row.

Next row. K. 5.—K. 2 tog. K. 1. Rep. from—to last 7 sts. K. 2 tog. K. 5 (70 sts.)

Change to No. 12 knitting needles and work 1 inch in K. 1, P. 1 rib, ending with a row on the wrong side. Still working in rib, cast off (in rib) 11 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Change to No. 10 needles and work bodice thus:— 1st row. K. 23, K. 2 tog. K. 23 (47 sts.)

2nd row. K. 5, P. to last 5 sts. K. 5.

3rd row. K. 5, inc. K. to last 6 sts. inc. K. 5.

Cont. working 5 border sts. each end in g.st. and remainder in st. st. inc. 1 st. within 6 st. borders sts. each end of every following 8th row until there are 57 sts. Cont., if necessary, until work measures 3 1/4 ins. from top or ribbing at waist ending with a row on the wrong side.

Now work the Fair Isle band thus:—

1st and 2nd rows. K. 5 N, 47 Y, 5 N.

3rd and 4th rows. K. 5 N, 47 B, 5 N.

5th row. With N. K. to end, 47th row. With N. K. 5, P.

6th, K. 5.

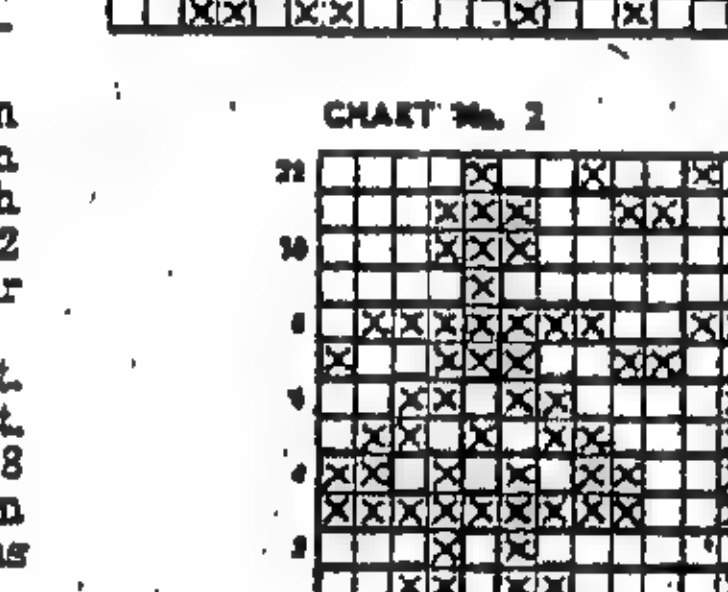
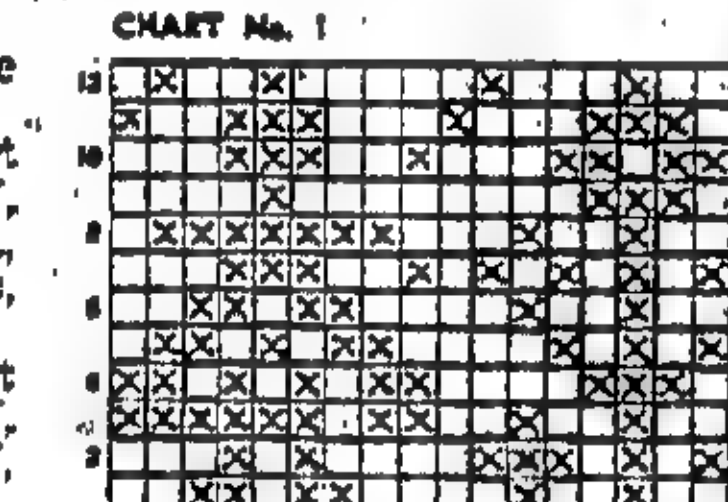
Keeping 5 border sts. each end in g.st. and N. work central 47 sts. as Fair Isle chart No. 2, reading chart as before. When the 12 rows have been completed break off all contrasting woole and cont. with N. only.

Next row. K. 5, cast off 47 sts. K. to end.

Work a further 2 1/4 ins. in g.st. on these last 5 sts. Cast

twice, K. 18.

CHART No. 1



off. Reject wool to remaining 8 sts and complete to match first side.

NECK BAND

With right side of work facing and using No. 12 needles and Y. wool, pick up and K. 20 sts. down one side of neck, 48 sts. across, cast off 20 sts up other side of neck (38 sts.)

1st row. With Y. K. to end.

2nd row. With B. K. 18 (K. 2 tog.) twice, K. 44, (K. 2 tog.) twice, K. 18.

Press work with a damp cloth and a warm iron. Join side and shoulder seams. Press seams.

3rd row. With B. K. to end, 4th and 5th rows. As 2nd and 3rd rows but with B. wool (Working less sts. between dec. and on all following rows.)

6th and 7th rows. As 2nd and 3rd rows but with Y. wool. Cast off fairly loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press work with a damp cloth and a warm iron. Join side and shoulder seams. Press seams.

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SUDDEN DEATH IS NOT ALWAYS UNEXPECTED

By W. W. Bauer, M.D.

A WOMAN goes to bed in

apparently good health; in the morning she is found dead. A man eats a generous, perhaps too generous dinner, settles himself with cigar and newspaper in an easy chair, and a few moments later when his wife speaks to him there is no answer. He has died. A business man sits at his desk, dictating. He stops, fakers, becomes confused and before his frightened secretary can call for help, he is dead. A baby is put to bed in the usual manner; when the adults go to bed, they take a last look at him, and he is dead.

Sudden death! Dramatic, frightening, ominous. But is it? Opinions and ideas differ. At the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer, there is a plea for protection and deliverance from plague, pestilence and famine, from battle and murder, and from sudden death. But many today would choose to die suddenly rather than linger.

Sudden and unexpected death is a severe shock to the family of the dead. To die suddenly and unexpectedly has both advantages and disadvantages. To the dead, there may be no spiritual readiness to lack of economic preparation. To the family, such a death may mean ruin by bankruptcy, but it is less so in retrospect, considering the saving in suffering on the part of the patient, the family anxiety, and the financial strain of prolonged illness.

Sudden death is not, always unexpected. It may occur where a known cause exists, and patient and family have been warned regarding the pending

event, but not the precise time. In such a circumstance, the suspense may be exceedingly difficult for all concerned. Between 10 and 15 per cent of all deaths occur suddenly from obscure but natural causes. In New York, the most common age is between 45 and 54. Men are four times as likely to die suddenly as women. The cause for sudden death are found in all parts of the body.

The most common cause of sudden death is disease of the coronary arteries of the heart, responsible in 30 per cent of instances. Other heart and arterial diseases add 14 per cent more—syphilitic blood vessel disease, valvular heart disease, heart enlargement, rupture of the main artery, and scattered miscellaneous causes.

Second in frequency are diseases of the breathing apparatus, accounting for 23 per cent.

Surprisingly, lung disease can often advance to a considerable degree without sending the patient to the doctor; lobar pneumonia leads in this group. It is the common cause of sudden death in infants, including the so-called smothering cases, where parents used to think that they smothered the baby by rolling onto him. Bronchitis, bronchial pneumonia and tuberculosis are common causes of sudden death, so is embolism, the swift disaster due to lodging of a clot in the lung, always without warning.

Brain hemorrhage, commonly called stroke, is responsible for about 11 per cent of sudden deaths, with related blood vessel conditions in the brain causing death is not the worst thing that could happen.

That little extra room that is part of the floor plan of so many houses, not of recent vintage? Shall it be a study, guest room, music room, or catch-all? Here's how one woman solved the problem. She just took over the space and announced that it was to be "Mother's one-room apartment."

What do you do with that little extra room that is part of the floor plan of so many houses, not of recent vintage? Shall it be a study, guest room, music room, or catch-all? Here's how one woman solved the problem. She just took over the space and announced that it was to be "Mother's one-room apartment."

That's what it has become essentially, but it also serves as a quiet retreat for other members of the family who want to catch up with reading, sewing, writing letters or listening to good music.

By ELEANOR ROSS

The U-shaped arrangement, that worked out so well in the kitchen, was used in placing the furniture in this room. A studio bed, consisting of a slip-covered bedspring and mattress on legs, was set against a long wooden wall unit of dark level. The unit provided a back for the daybed and a shelf into which lighting strips, covered with flush frosted glass panelling, had been built.

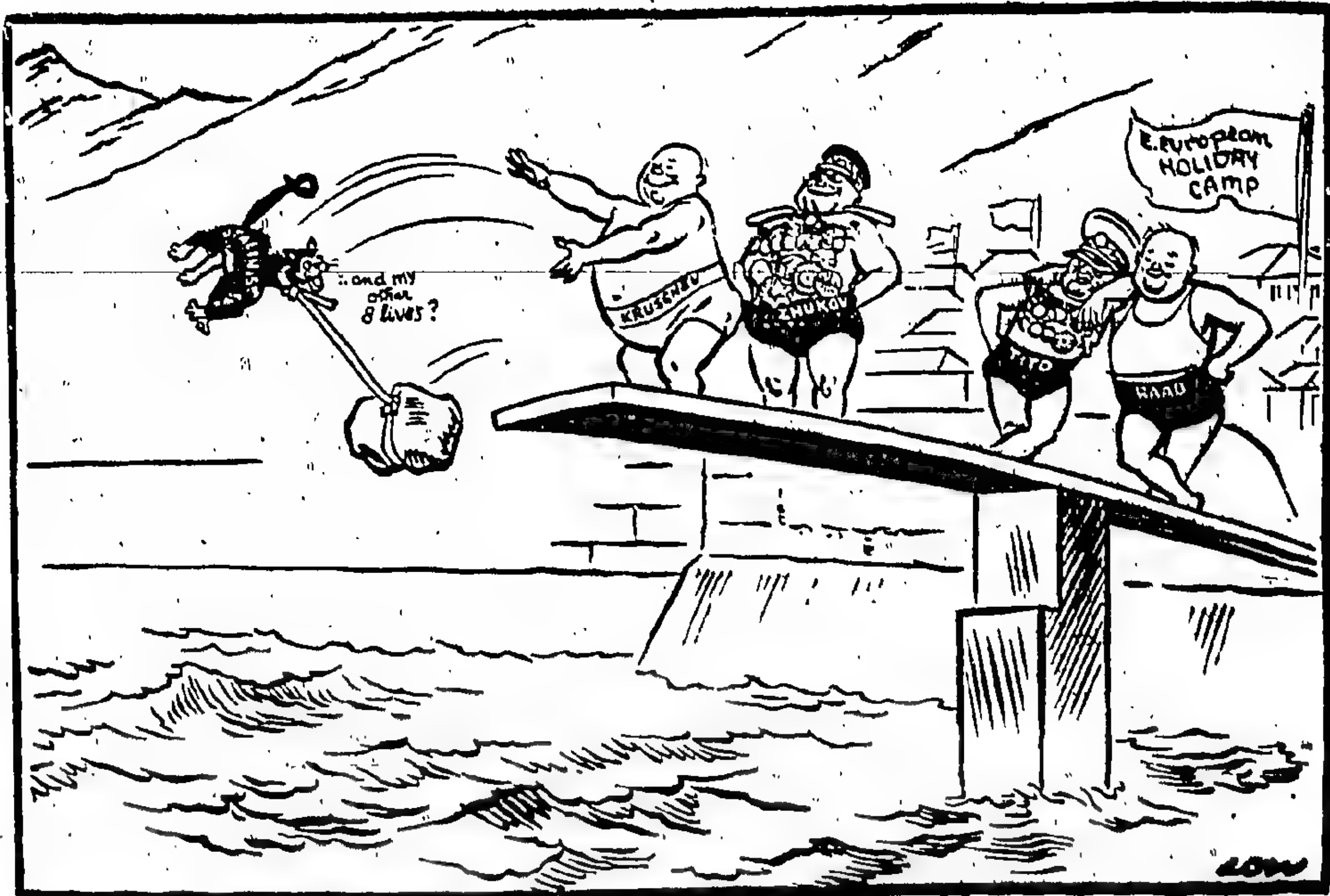
Hinged onto one end of the wall unit was a bookcase that could be swung out for easy book-making. The inside of the hinged unit formed a footboard for the daybed, while its opposite end, facing into the room, consisted of open shelves for radio, books, plants, or cherished ornaments.

gills contributing a smaller share—a total of 18 per cent in this group.

Diseases of the digestive system and the urinary organs cause about 10 per cent of sudden deaths; usually due to rupture of enlarged and weakened blood vessels. In women, the rupture of a tubal pregnancy may cause large hemorrhage with immediately fatal consequences. Miscellaneous causes contribute the remainder of the sudden deaths.

The suddenness of "sudden" death is often deceptive. The abrupt loss of life is merely the termination of a disease process which may have been present for some time. Anyone who worries about possibility of sudden death should be wise to have a thorough medical examination, for reassurance and for whatever treatment may be found necessary. And don't worry—sudden death is not the worst thing that could happen.

Except for the daybed, which was new, the expenses were kept down nicely. The daybed did run into a bit of money, because it had to serve both for sleeping as well as for daytime lounging. But dad and the boys did all the work.



"THE SITUATION IS LIQUID"

SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER, MP, VISITS THE BRITISH FORCES OF OCCUPATION IN GERMANY

SOLDIERS WITHOUT AN ENEMY

WHEN the Secretary of State for War asked me to visit the British Army centres in Germany he made no attempt to prejudice my mind. "You can see anything you want to see," he said.

Therefore, when I flew from Berlin to Düsseldorf it was with no pre-conceived prejudices. As a soldier in the first war I could remember the jolt and even the pangs of separation. At the same time I could recall the excitement of seeing new countries and making contact with older civilisations, even though they were at war with each other.

But in my soldiering I had never been part of an army of occupation. The guns in their fury present one problem, but when the victors occupy the territory of the vanquished, then new problems present themselves.

My first expedition from Düsseldorf was to the Services Club at Muncheon Gladbach. These fine buildings are set in splendid fields, and are the centre of that region's British Forces of occupation. The commanding officers could not have been more helpful and hospitable, but in conversation with them it became evident that the British National Service soldier abroad is something new.

You cannot drill or manoeuvre a soldier all day when there is no enemy. The Germans are docile and accept military occupation as a natural consequence of losing a war.

Nor is the situation simplified by the fact that in many units none of the men in the ranks has ever seen active service. In fact the Army is faced with a clear issue—what to do with the National Service ranker who has never fought and, it is hoped, never will fight.

But the complexity of the problem does not end there. It is called National Service, but, in fact, it is conscription. By decree of Parliament young fellows are taken from their jobs, their families, their girl friends, their palaces de dance and their cinemas. Many of them have never been fifty miles away from their homes. They are soldiers on active service with no enemy to conquer.

Let me say that no one realises this more completely than the high ranking officers, many of whom, but the one that is, we civilians are apt to look upon

the old idea that soldiering is only fit for a barbarian in war and a fool in peace. If that was ever true, it is anything but true today.

In the British Army centres I visited in the Rhineland I found that, while the officers were rightly inspiring a "pride of Regiment," they realised that the young fellows under their command were really being conditioned for return to civilian life. And if you think that such an objective is easy to attain you have reckoned without the stubbornness of the British character and the influence of family and background. Although it may sound unimportant, there is also the problem of homesickness.

Let us put it in plain words. The average young National Service lad is homesick for Mum and, to a lesser degree, for Dad. It is indeed a tribute to Mum that when the boy leaves home he discovers what she meant to him. And I can assure you that no sergeant-major, however vocal, can take the place of that prodigy of British virtue.

The soldier also wants to get back to his job. He is afraid that when he finishes as a soldier there may be unemployment and that he will see the sign on the factory gates: "No hands wanted." That, plus separation from his home, his pals and his girl friend, are the principal causes of his unhappiness.

In what I have written so far there is no slur upon either the soldier or his officers. But now I must state the case against a considerable number of the National Servicemen who are so chastised with the idea of returning home that they have neither the initiative nor the foresight to seize upon the remarkable opportunities for advancement in civilian life which overseas service offers them.

The Army, realising that these fellows are really civilians in uniform, have provided them with a chance that they would never have had at home. They can learn to paint, they can join in choral singing (at the Rhine centre they did "The Messiah" complete with orchestra), they can acquire some facility in languages and they can learn to read the masters of the written word.

Here, in fact, is the university course which would have been denied to them, through force of circumstances, in civilian life. That, plus contact with new scenes and a foreign language (for the authorities arrange social gatherings with young Germans) adds up to a tremendous and broadening experience if the Servicemen will see it in that light.

The young soldier who is hardest to handle is the one who comes from a home where there is trouble. The trouble may take the form of a family quarrel, but the one that is most powerful in its bad effects

is when the father and mother have fallen out with each other. This breeds insecurity in the boy, and to some extent he becomes the battlefield of his parents. Their letters, if they come at all, only harass him and poison his mind.

But what about the married soldier with his wife and children? There are living quarters in Germany for them. There are nursery schools for the little children, although I heard a rumour that these are being brought to an end.

Also the Army supplies the interesting innovation of co-educational boarding schools where the parents are required to make some contribution according to their means. This seems to me an admirable idea because most of the happiness and misery of life is found in the relation of the sexes.

For reasons which may or may not seem adequate, there is no compulsory church parade. In other words, attendance at divine service is optional. There is little doubt that such a break with tradition was not introduced without careful thought. I was not wholly convinced that it is a good break.

But the care of our young soldiers abroad does not begin and end with the military authorities. Under the leadership of that great humanitarian Brigadier Morgan, there are the voluntary societies, including such organisations as the YMCA, the Red Shield Club, the YMCA, the Church Army, the Catholic Women's League, the Salvation Army, the Methodist and United Board Churches and the Church of Scotland.

Wherever the serving men go there are hostels, libraries and recreation centres, just as there are hospitals where babies are born and where the sick are cared for. There is even a lovely country house where soldiers can go for a religious course, although it is usually necessary to "detail" a certain number to make up the class.

In fact, this overseas service can be invaluable to a young soldier if he realises that it opens the door to new experiences and enlarges his whole conception of life.

But I would be giving a false picture if I wrote only of the educational benefits which are his for the taking. The most enjoyable event in my tour was when I attended the boxing championship final at the Detmold Barracks.

The 8th Royal Tank Regiment were taking on the 1st Battalion, Lancashire Fusiliers, and the air was supercharged with excitement. Very wisely no applause or shouting was allowed during a round, but as soon as each round ended both sides would burst into a roar that must have nearly loosened the ceiling. The rivalry was terrific, but I did not see the slightest suggestion of an unfair blow.

With the team score in points 9-9, Lieutenant Kelly of the

Fusiliers entered the ring to take on L/Cpl. Francis of the Royal Tank Regiment, who had fought his way to the Army finals. If ever I saw a man marked for slaughter, it was the Lieutenant.

They met in the centre, sparred for a moment or two and then each swung a right to the other's chin. Down went the Lance Corporal—down and out. They fought me afterwards that the thoughtfulness of Lieutenant Kelly packs a punch that would go through concrete—but I accept that as the understandable pride of the Regiment.

The next day we visited an extremely smart station of the Royal Artillery where they put on an exhibition that looked flawless. And then we returned to our kindly hosts at the Rhine centre and made plans for the return to London.

But before I take my farewell of the British Army of the Rhine let me put on record, again that the British soldier is still our best ambassador. His inherent decency, his incorrigible good humour (when he isn't grouching), his consideration for the aged and weak, his sense of fair play, his decency towards women and his kindness towards children... you can take pride in our soldiers over there.

What about the Germans? On May 1 the British troops woke up to find that West Germany was now our official ally—for it was on that date that the Paris Agreements came into effect.

The new West German Army will come into being and the British soldier will no longer be the sole representative of Mars upon the streets.

The sardonic satirist could think of nothing more likely to make the gods laugh. Yet it has to be said that it is by her determination to keep Europe divided, and we must accept. But do not imagine that the young men of Germany are happy about it. If ever I saw a people disillusioned about war, it is the Germans. If ever there was a man, truly dead, it is Adolf Hitler. It is part of the tragedy of the human race that we must put young Germans into uniform again, but I do not believe that the megalomaniac frenzy of Nazism will burst into flame again. At any rate, not in our time.

If that proves true—and may the gods will it so—then some of the credit must go to the British officers and soldiers of the Rhine Army who have mingled discipline with good humour.

A famous German writer once declared: "The British are not the most cultured people in the world, but they are the most civilised."

Our Army has done a first class civilising job, even if the Tommy of today, like his predecessors through the ages, does not rush to listen to a lecture on the art of policy or the history of the ancient Greeks.

THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES

The Cave Man Of Dulwich

By Kendall McDonald

FROM the great dormitory suburbs south of London each weekday morning a steady stream of City-bound motor traffic passes the grave of the Hermit of Dulwich. And in the evening the same drivers homing now, skirt once again the triangle of ground where he lies forgotten.

Those passing workers live in houses, flats and even prefabs, but none lives as the Hermit lived—in a cave—a cave from which he was dug out like a badger, then murdered.

The date of his death was December, 1893, but the story of the Hermit of Dulwich (or the Wild Man of the Woods as he was known) really began many years before, when the death of his wife sent him off into lonely eccentricity—and notoriety.

His name was Samuel Matthews and his loss left him broken-hearted. He had never been highly sociable—as a jobbing gardener he had always been inclined to keep himself to himself—and now he decided to leave the world behind entirely.

SIMPLE REQUEST

He approached the Master and Warden of Dulwich College (then situated around the chapel in the village itself; the present building was opened in 1870) with a simple request. He wished to live alone and he asked for permission to dig a cave on the college estate and retire to it away from all the world. The kindly college authorities gave him permission to do so.

The exact spot he chose is not known today. It was, according to reports at the time, "in that part of the manor abutting in the rear on the College wood and in front of Sydenham Common." Local tradition places the cave somewhere near the College Road tollgate.

Samuel Matthews did not dig very deep and he built mud walls around the place he had chosen, teaching them with "such fern, furze and bracken as the common afforded." There for a number of years he lived undisturbed. He still carried on his gardening work. Records say that he "performed under-gardener's work in the gardens of some of the neighbouring gentlemen, by whom for his inoffensive and gentle demeanour, he was much liked."

And here one night in 1798, while he slept, a gang of gipsies crept up, dragged him out and beat him up so savagely that he was left for dead. His right arm was broken and he was robbed of 12 shillings.

A SHOWPIECE

When he recovered Samuel was fearful of another attack and for a while lived in lodgings in the village itself. But it was said that after a time he "became weary of social intercourse" and returned to his cave. This time, however, he dug himself a proper cave. It had a narrow entrance and widened out inside. He contrived it so that there was only just enough room for him to crawl into the mouth of the cave; and once inside he blocked the entrance with a board which he propped up with his feet while he slept.

Here he felt secure from attack. He went to the village only for his food, continued with his work, and was regarded as an honest, if eccentric, character. Indeed, Matthews became a local sleepwalker in summer many people visited his cave and he used to sell them table beer (a light brew), saying that they must be very dry after coming so far to see an old man. He was a great attraction—especially on Sundays—and then it was that he became known as the "Cave Man of the Woods," although he continued mild and gentle even up to the night of his death.

He was found murdered—with a blunt instrument; many said that it was the handle of the spade that was used to dig him out—on December 27, 1893. It is probable, however, that he was killed during Christmas itself—and for money he did not possess. The board which he had jammed against the cave entrance with his feet as security against attack killed him. His killers merely undermined it.

UNDER SUSPICION

He was nearly 70. The inquest was held at an inn in Dulwich Village called the French Horn. The inn, which has disappeared, stood on land that is now part of Dulwich Park.

The verdict at the inquest was "murder by some person or persons unknown." But several persons were under suspicion. What is described as a party of the Bow Street Patrol were sent into the neighbourhood "to endeavour to collect every possible information that may lead to the detection of the murderers."

Three gipsies who were tenants of a camp close by Matthews' retreat were committed on suspicion of knowing something of what happened. A gipsy chimney sweep named Sprague was tried on the charge, but acquitted for lack of evidence. All the Bow Street Patrol's clues led nowhere.

Finally on January 10, 1893 it is recorded in a vestry minute: "Resolved that the sum of £25 be paid by the parish officers towards apprehending the person or persons guilty of the murder of the late Samuel Matthews."

You may think that this was an unusual amount of trouble to take over the murder of an old hermit. But it was rather more than that for Matthews' death brought to a head the disquiet that local inhabitants felt about the state of affairs in the Dulwich and Sydenham of those days.

SINISTER NAME

Dulwich Wood was a regular halting place for gipsies. Highwaymen and footpads were said to abound in the locality. Sydenham Hill's reputation rivalled that of Hounslow Heath. Only the young poet Byron, who spent his schooldays nearby, seemed to think it great fun. He organised his schoolfellows into footpad-hunting parties—fortunately for the future of English poetry without result.

In 1809, however, some light was thrown upon the crime. And a sinister name enters the case. Wry-necked Isaac, whose real name was Isaac Evans—he gained his nickname from the peculiar way in which he held his head—lay dying in Lewisham Workhouse. And just before he died in February of that year he confessed to be one of those who murdered Matthews. But the case was not reopened. The Hermit of Dulwich was never avenged.

It is ironic that Samuel Matthews' last resting place—in that triangle of land between the village "pub" and a zebra crossing—should be beside a modern symbol of law and order. A few feet from his gravestone, with its now indecipherable inscription, is a blue police box.

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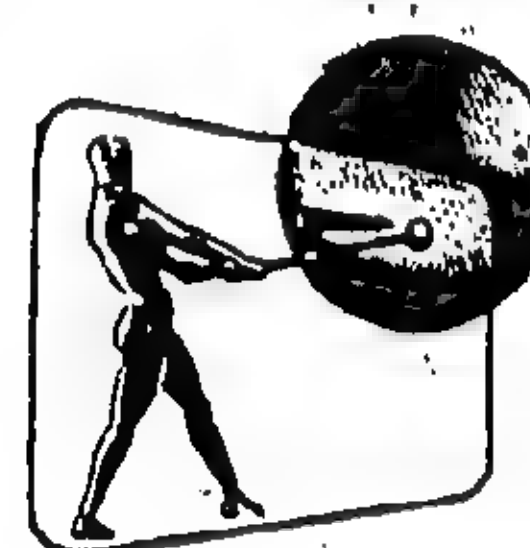
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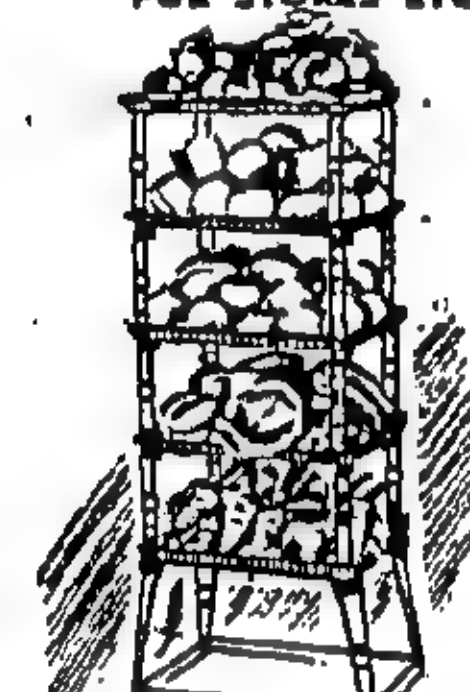
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ARTIE'S HEADLINE



NEW BOOKS by GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

THE BASHFUL GENIUS FOUND A CURE FOR LOVE

THE PRIVATE DIARIES OF STENDHAL. Gollancz. 25s. 570 pages.

HENRI BEYLE used 200 pseudonyms and has become famous as a novelist under one of them—Stendhal. Why did he use so many false names? Partly out of fear of the political police (as a Liberal

in an age when Liberalism equaled Red Revolution); partly because of an ingrained zest for mystification.

The recipe

The diaries now published cover the dozen years of his life from 20 onwards. They reveal an intelligent young Frenchman whose eyes sparkled with sardonic humour; intent on literary greatness—and turning aside from it to chase the nearest woman. Love plus work equals happiness; that was Stendhal's recipe. Women came first.

Yet, although his intentions were bad and his insight into character uncanny, a strange timidity often stood in the way of amorous success.

He was perpetually going about with a thermometer taking his own emotional temperature. "The more I love her, the more bashful I am"—it was all very puzzling. "I could easily have a little mistress, but I'm so lazy." At last an Italian beauty gave him the alibi for his failures: "the courage necessary for the execution killed the sentiment," Stendhal made her his mistress.

'Sudden glory'

On the journey between one Bourbon (Melanie's) and the next (Victorine's) he made odd, incidental discoveries. One day in Brunswick he noted in his diary: "An efficacious remedy for love: eat peas. Tested today, March 25."

So far this discovery lacks corroboration.

Bashfully peering into his own motives, he stumbled on truths about human nature immensely valuable to a novelist. "I know nothing of myself," he complained. "This thought, when it comes to me at night, plunges me into melancholy. Am I good, bad, intelligent, stupid?"

What was certain was that Stendhal had set himself with

naive, solemn industry to become a great writer of comedies. For that it was necessary to know why people laughed.

Stendhal went to the philosophers for the answer. He could find nothing better than Hobbes's "Laughter is nothing else but sudden glory." Night after night he would go to the theatre in Paris with an open copy of the play on his knee and carefully note down the points at which the audience had laughed.

He was on firmer ground when he sought what he called "the juice of facts," the "little true facts" which become the raw material of the novelist.

Instinct told him that he must look far into the future for his fame. He was out of tune with his times—the heady, rhetorical times of Napoleon—as a public analyst is out of place in a champagne cellar. "I must always work for the 20th century," he said, "I stand a chance of being read in 1900 by the souls I love."

A scoundrel

In this meantime, he could devote himself to love and an official career. Stendhal noted Napoleon's toothy, artificial smile; decided that he was a scoundrel, and jumped on his band wagon.

Through family influence, he became an official in Napoleon's supply service, covered with cold lace enjoying an income of 10,000 francs a year in salary and "perquisites."

He got about the world as few novelists have done, viewed with distaste the burning of Moscow (a bad attack of toothache did not prevent him from noting the "copper-coloured" smoke); behaved well during the Retreat, an over-rated experience which he took "like a glass of lemonade"; had the misfortune never to take part in an important battle.

A headache

While the Battle of Wagram raged, Stendhal was stretched on a chaise longue with a splitting headache. This he regretted not because he had an irrational desire to fight but because it would have made excellent "copy" for a novelist. Thus handicapped, Stendhal wrote one

of the most brilliant accounts of a battle in fiction. He acquired a contempt of soldiers' vulgarities and stupidity of these people off their battlefield. After 1814, Stendhal had no more objection to suffer from this vulgarity.

He fell with Napoleon; made a clumsy, flustered attempt to convince the restored Bourbons ("the scum of the earth") of his loyalty to them. It failed.

He was a competent man of 31 with no job, debts amounting to 37,000 francs; and "a policy for immortality."

Ahead lay Italy, obscurity; the writing of two great novels; the creation of one of the most bewitching women in literature (Gina, Duchess of Sanseverina in "The Charterhouse of Parma"); fame by 1800. This would not have surprised him. He would have been less pleased by the Freudian verdict on his amours—that he was a suppressed homosexual in love with his mother.

The youthful notebooks of this premature modern translated into brisk sub-English ("Zowie! Stendhal exclaims during the First of Moscow, 'from my marriage I saw M. Dori's clash career and finally fall into the ditch') yields the juice of facts about a rebellious man of genius, good, bad intelligent—but not stupid—and one of the few great novelists whose life is as fascinating as his books.

★
THE GOOD SHEPHERD. By C. S. Forester. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d. 288 pages.

PEDANTICALLY assimilating the complex technique of convey operations in the war, Forester composes a modern story fit in its narrative power, to be set beside an episode in the Hornblower saga.

With one exception: his hero, Commander George Krause, U.S.N., novice in embarrassed command of veteran British, Canadian, Polish destroyer captains, lacks the magnetism and panache of Nelson's colleague. He is withdrawn, moody, unsure—and well chosen to preside over this grey toned, brilliantly imagined scene of grimest war. Best of its kind since The Cruel Sea.

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

MATING CALL

The man who rode a motorcycle with his spouse in the sidecar had one great advantage over his car-owning brother. Short of his wife having leather lungs and a foghorn voice, he was free from the persecution of back-seat driving. But the scientists, bless them, have put an end to that happy state of affairs.

A British radio firm has produced an inter-communication system to link rider with passenger. It works by means of a telephone inside the rider's helmet and an amplifying set in the sidecar. Both parties have noise-eliminating microphones.

Granted that an exasperated husband could always unplug his headphones. But doubtless, the scientists will find some way to combat that.

It certainly is a woman's world.

ARGENTINE WELSH

It was the first time anybody from Wales ever attempted to found a Welsh colony overseas—and it has failed. But it has taken a long time for the hardy Welsh, in pleasant Chebuet Valley, Argentina, to admit that they have failed.

Ninety years ago there were 50,000 of them there, and they had made it another home. Today there are 5,000 left who still speak Welsh and Spanish—but they are being crowded out by immigrants from other parts of Argentina who think this a pleasant spot too.

There is only one minister left, a grey-haired, 77-year-old man in charge of the 15 Welsh churches. But the churches are short of Welsh bibles and hymn books because money cannot be sent out of the country.

Now the few that are left have been given new hope. News from home that a fund had been started to buy hymn books and bibles for the little colony of Welshmen, most of whom have never seen Wales.

EDUCATORS SPLIT

Should teenage girls and boys in co-educational schools lose good conduct marks if they become parents? The Swedish Board of Education thinks not. Such drastic action is not warranted in these cases, the State Superintendent of Schools holds, because conception is not sinful "if the parties in question really love each other."

The Superintendent admits the justice of punishing by bad conduct marks children caught smoking in public, "because this is a recognised offence on the statute books of the

Swedish Ministry of Education

The question was brought up through two male pupils in a co-educational school in Stockholm who got into a sentimental entanglement with their female classmates. The Board of Teachers gave the two girls full conduct marks, but the teacher of religion in the school protested.

"How are we to inculcate strength of character, good manners and the fear of God into our pupils when we condone such behaviour?" he asked. "Moreover the lessons on the curriculum of sex education, taught the children from the age of ten upwards, instructing them in the use of contraceptives, merely serve to incite the children to experiment in the field of sex."

The religious teacher has appealed to the government; to overrule the rejection of his plea to the Board of Education, but the Board has appended to this appeal a demand that the protest be disregarded.

SMELLIES

"Pass me my Evening Passion," or "Morning Eau de Cologne," look like becoming household phrases from now on in France. Two papers in the Jura have started running editions that are delectably perturbed, and Paris magazines are getting ready to bring out "smellies."

This is going to make it child's play when the wife says suspiciously, "Hi! What's this scent I can smell on your coat?" "My dear, I was just doing the crossword waiting for the late train, that's all."

HOT EGG HOLDER

Somebody has done it at last found a way to hold a hot egg while curling the top off it without burning the fingers. A Frenchman proudly displayed his revolutionary grip-tight egg-cup at a Paris show of new inventions last week.

Among the other needle-threader which a housewife can use in the dark. For the muddled typist, a key-board which will not function if she presses more than one key at the same time.

And among the prizes: a valuable vase offered by French President Rene Coty, a silver cup, an "Oscar" and a \$3,000 cash award.

STONEHENGE MYSTERY

One more mystery of Stonehenge the great pre-historic monument that stands like a gargantuan fairy-ring on Salisbury Plain seems

solved. It was not, it appears, just thrown up by the ancient Britons of four thousand years ago. It was put there as part of a master plan.

Professor Alexander Thom, Professor of Engineering Science at Oxford University and a part-time archaeologist, says Stonehenge, rocks in Wiltshire, and the other megaliths found scattered over the country from southern England to the Hebrides, were probably erected to a common book of patterns.

After 20 years of research of more than 250 sites, Professor Thom finds that certain of the stones have been deliberately sighted on stars—adding to older knowledge that some of the rocks pointed to the position of the rising and setting sun at certain times of the year.

Others suggest they were once pointers to other bright stars at their rising and setting. There are not more than a dozen first magnitude stars which cross the horizon in the British latitudes, and the direction at which a star rises and sets has changed through the centuries. From this Professor Thom calculates the stones were erected about a century either side of 2100 B.C. But two big question marks remain:—

Why were they ever erected? Who—in a comparatively barbaric age—was engineering know-how to build them?

ARTIST TRADERS

London's artists have found a new way to be allowed to sell their finished products. Artists who wish to sell their paintings on the street in Hampstead will have to be licensed as street traders like any barrow-boy who hawks his wares at the curb-side, officials said.

Accordingly, eleven artists have applied to become—perish the thought!—commercial traders.

DARK BLUES IN PRISON

While on a debating tour of colleges and universities in the United States recently, the Oxford University debating team also visited the Norfolk State Penitentiary in Massachusetts, where a team of convicts inflicted on them their only defeat of the tour.

Norfolk is an exceptional prison, and the Oxford men were told that it was considered so much of a country club that it was probably the only prison where you had to have political influence to get in!

The inmates took their debating very seriously, and their team had been undefeated for three years in contests with Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Williams College and numerous nearby universities.

Dick Taverner, one of the undergraduates in the party, said the team first toured the premises and dined with the authorities and was then conducted to the Debating Hall, where the prison orchestra was playing. Their chief opponent, the president of the Norfolk debaters, was a genial Irishman, an ex-lawyer who had been in and out of prison several times and enjoyed great prestige among his fellows. He was a model of good conduct when inside but outside could never resist the temptation of putting someone else's name at the bottom of a cheque.

"No one was quite sure whether he did this for the money or to get back to his familiar surroundings and the title of best debater on the American East coast," said Taverner. There was a voluntary audience of about 700 out of 1,200 inmates, and many reporters and photographers were also present. The subject chosen for debate was "The Need for a Free National Health Service." Norfolk opposing the motion. The verdict was given by three judges following a system of points for subject matter, logic, analytics, refutation and delivery.

After the contest the visitors were each given souvenirs and a beautifully decorated certificate of parole.

IN THE SHADE

One of the deadliest snakes (a cobra) has just saved a newborn baby's life at Junagadh, India. Left exposed in the full sun the baby would have died of sunstroke but for the protection for its head given by a cobra's raised hood. Generally the cobra extends its hood only when it is about to attack. This time it just raised its head.

PICTORIAL REMINDER

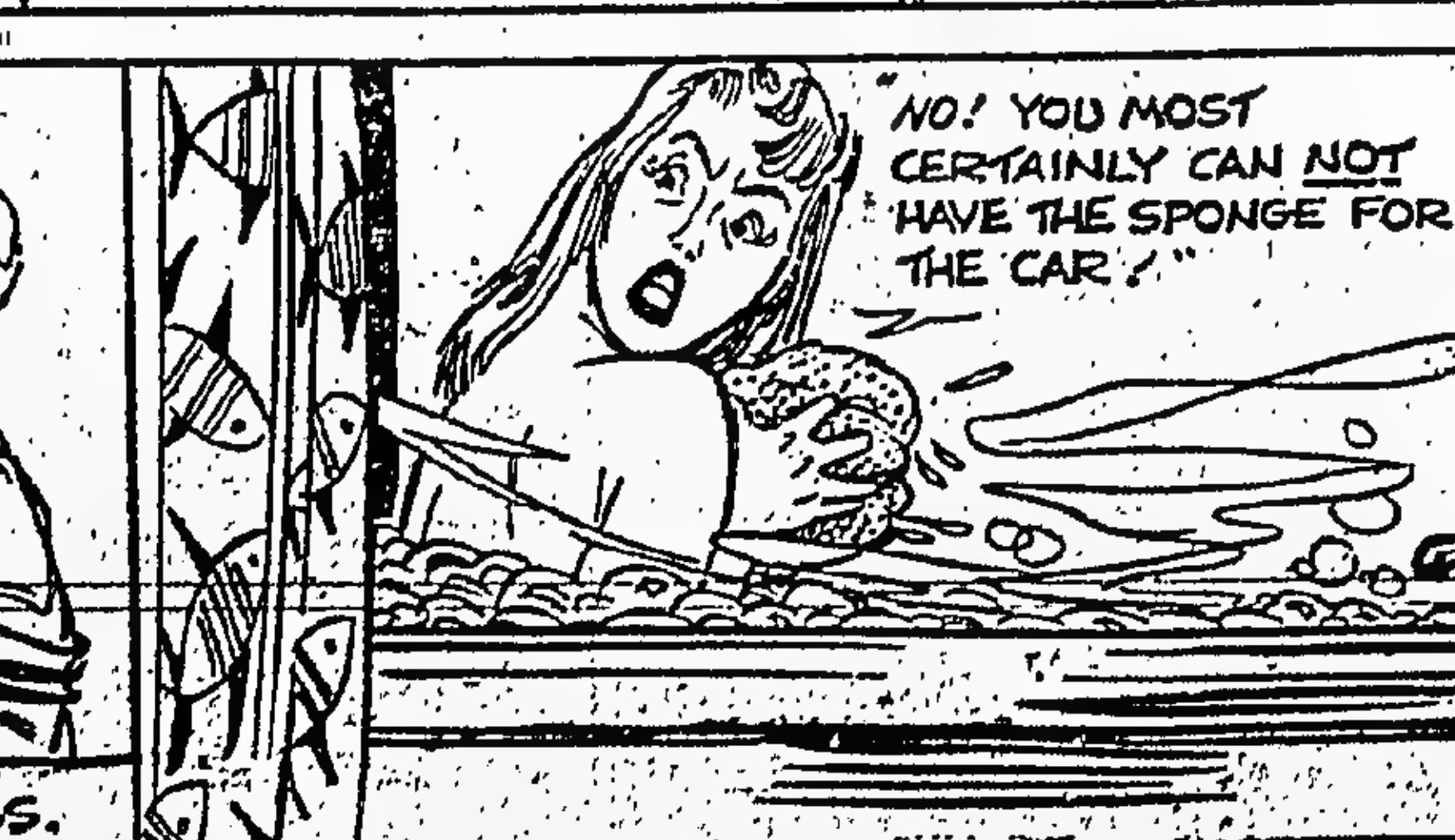
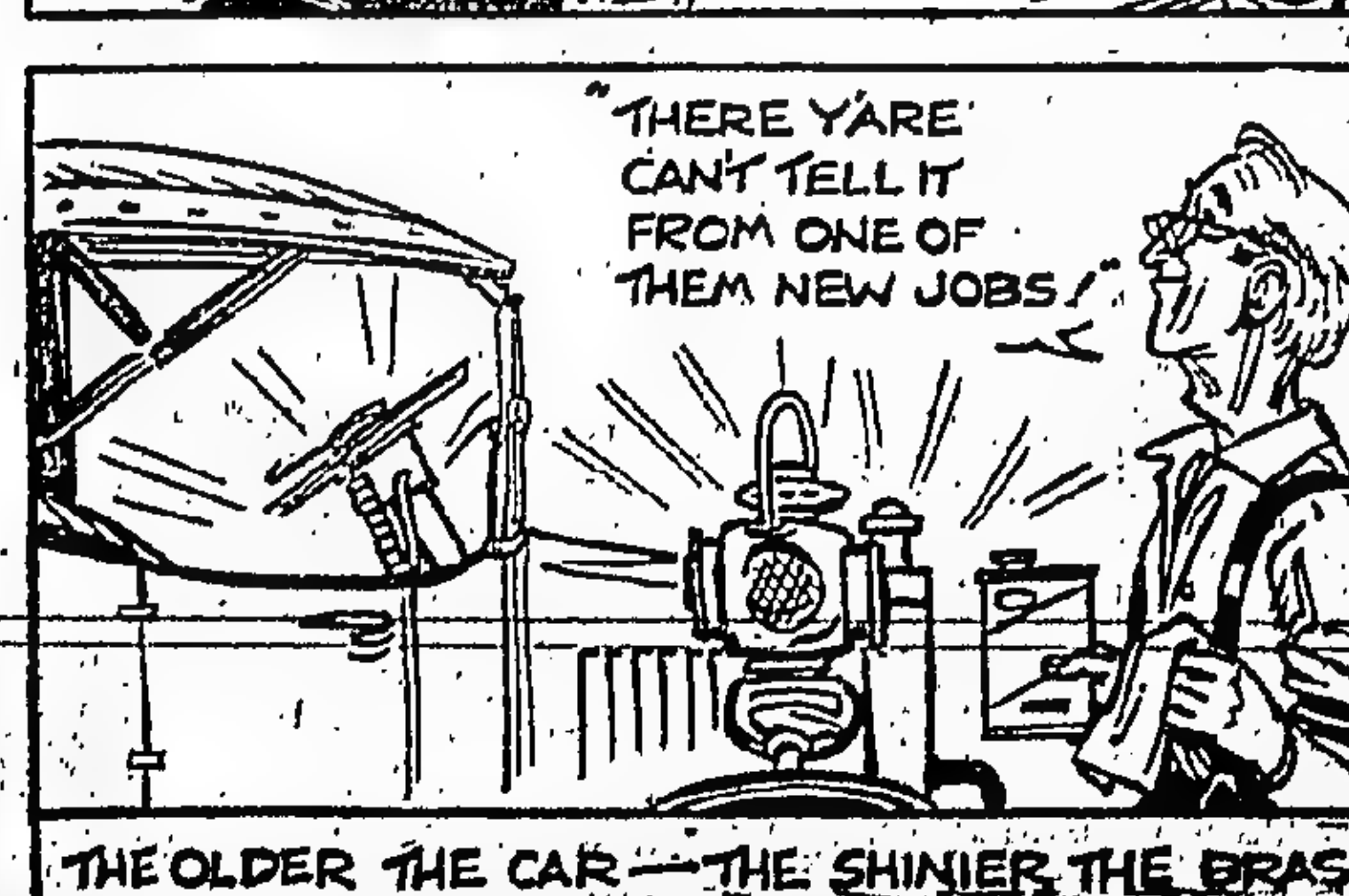
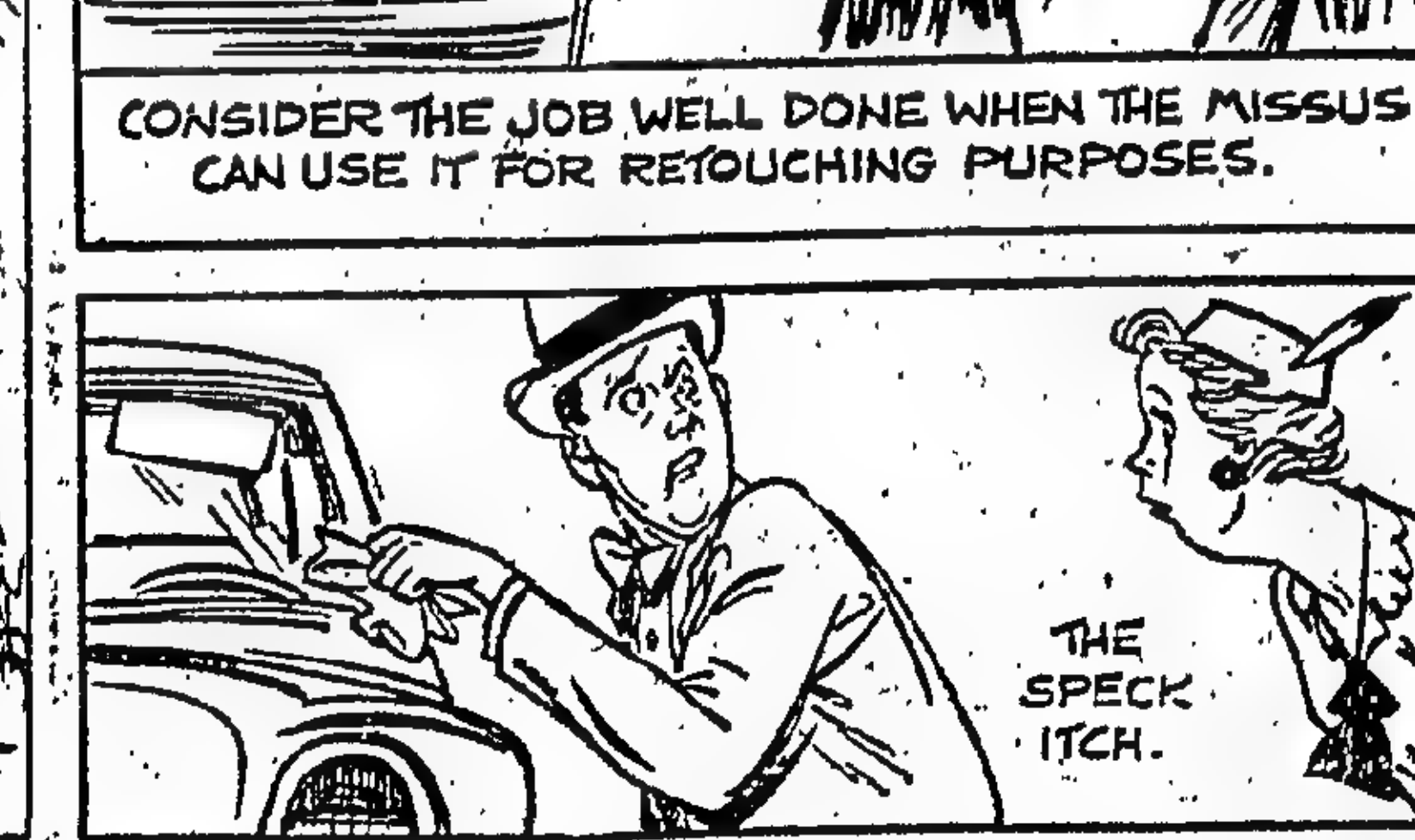
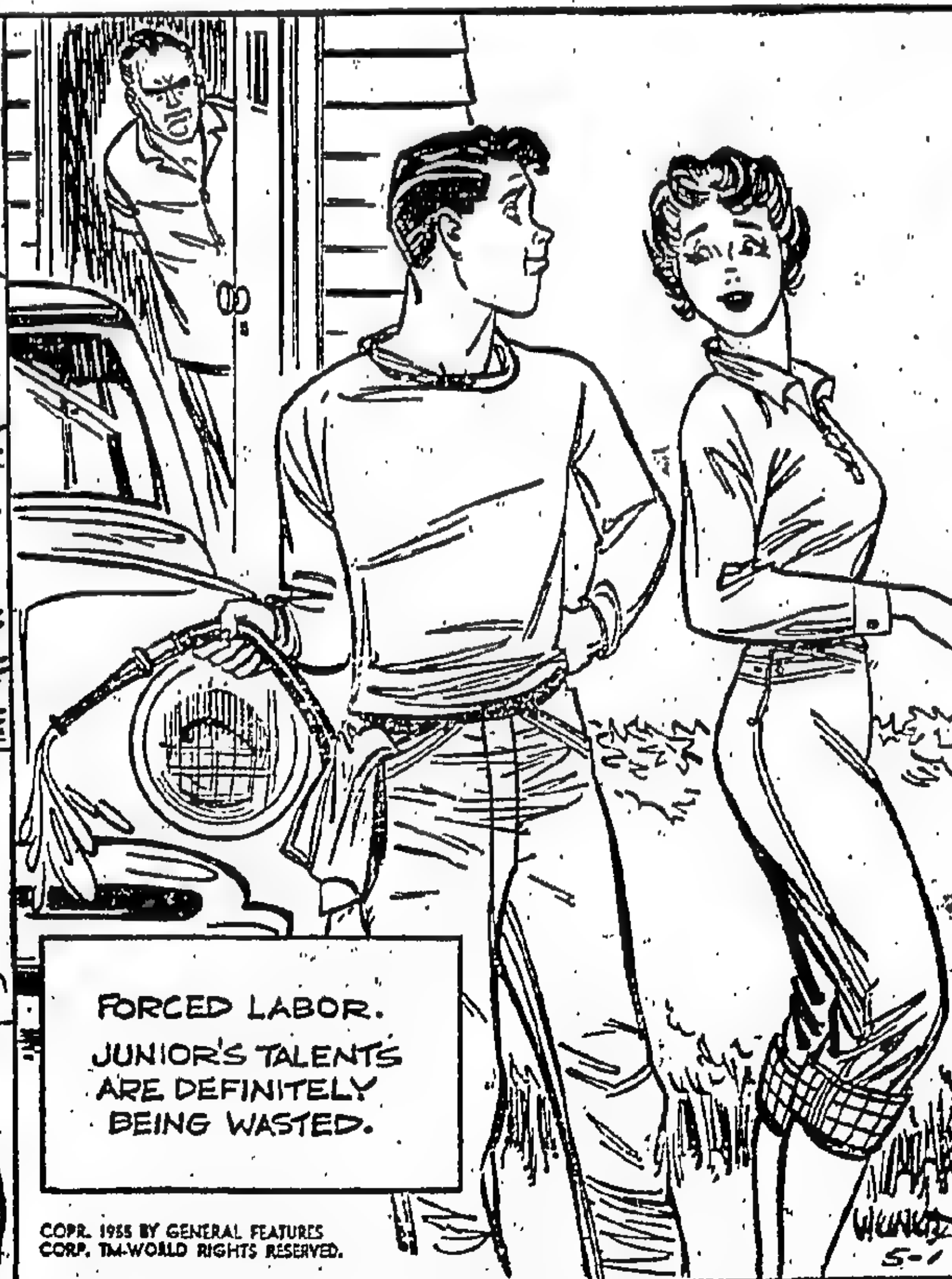
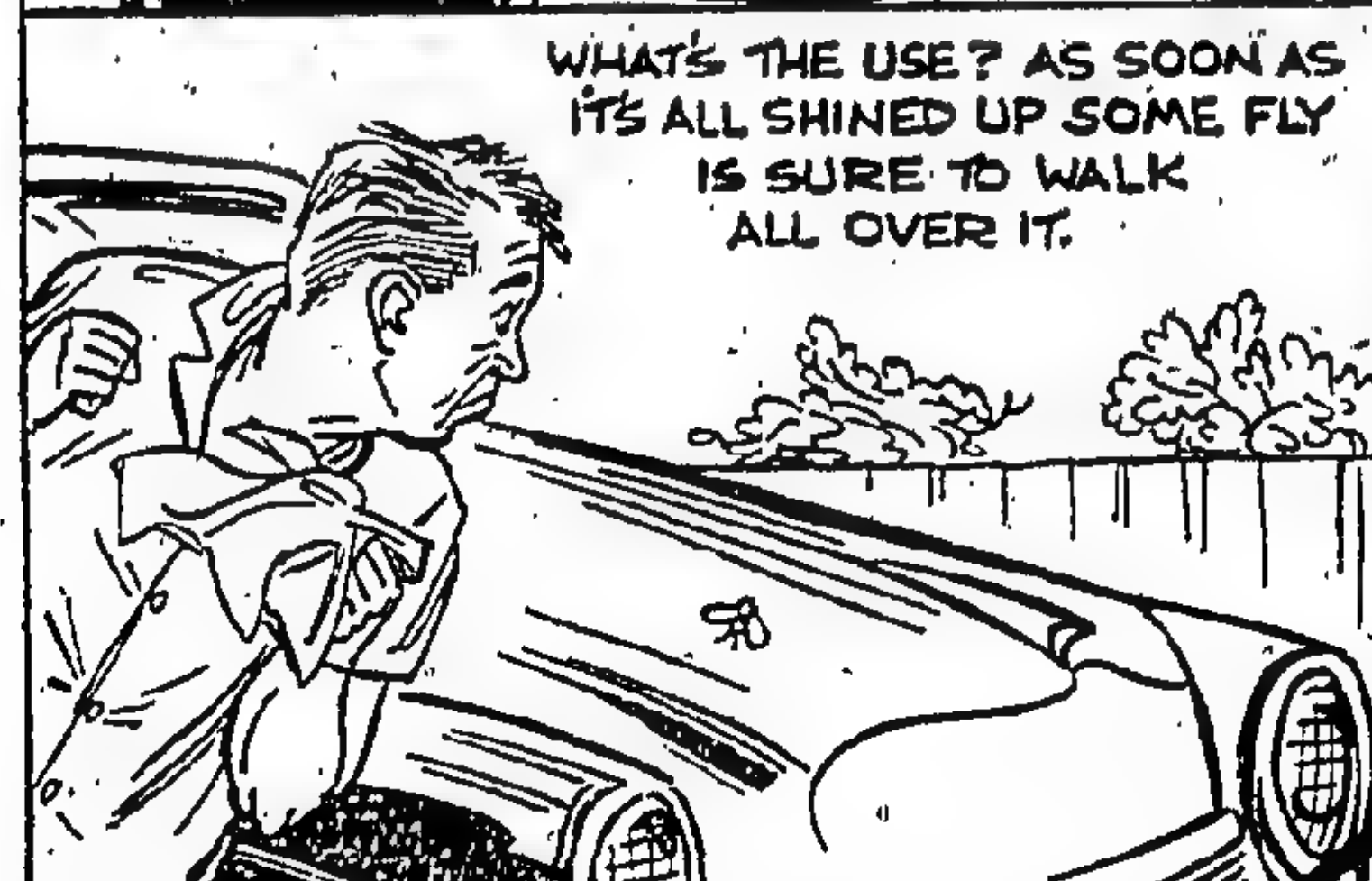
All weddings performed in the parish church of Wickham, Hampshire (pop. 2,800), will be photographed from now on and shown to the couples once a year. The rector, the Rev. Marcus Retallack, who is a movie camera enthusiast, says he will shoot the films with the help of a parishioner.

"If a couple are going through a difficult time it may help to remind them of how they felt on their big day," he says. "It will be done in a nice way over coffee and biscuits."

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Shining And Polishing The Car

BY HARRY WEINERT



THE OLDER THE CAR—THE SHINIER THE BRASS.

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

A Radio Fantasy On Underwater Exploration

On Tuesday evening at half past nine, listeners can hear a radio exploration of the oceans, written by Martin Chisholm, on the basis of the discoveries of recent scientific research. The facts have been gathered from the results of expeditions by the Danish research ship 'Galathea' and the Swedish vessel 'Albatross', as well as of work by British and Americans.

The exploration ranges over the life of the oceans, from the sunlit surface layers to the deepest waters which have been in darkness since the seas were formed. The programme, called "World of Dark Waters", was produced by Maurice Brown, and the narrator is Pascoe Thornton.

"While we were preparing the script," says Maurice Brown, "Martin Chisholm and I determined to incorporate in the programme a disembodied all-seeing character who could describe what he saw or what was happening at all depths of the ocean."

A programme which should appeal to listeners who used to frequent the "Grips" before the war, can be heard at half past seven on Thursday evening when Janet Node will present a programme of nostalgic songs, with Vic Christabel's popular night club quartet, Janet Node, who, it may be remembered, was the resident singer at the "Grips" pre-war, has called her programme "Four Boys and a Girl".

EXPERIMENT IN LIVING

The State of Israel celebrated recently its seventh anniversary. Those were seven lean years of mass immigration, economic hardships, building and rebuilding, which have changed the former Palestine into a dynamic Israel. On Monday evening at half past eight, in a talk which he recorded for Radio Hongkong, a young Jewish student, Marcel Braunfeld, tells about this land where dreams and ideals change into concrete realities.

When the complete history of Israel is written, prominent credit will undoubtedly be given to a unique Israeli institution, the "Kibbutzim" or "collective agricultural settlements". Marcel Braunfeld, who has himself lived in one of these settlements, has called his talk "An Experiment in Living".

MUSIC

Edis Carvalho is making her debut as a soloist over the air on Wednesday evening when she will give recitals from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong at 8.45. Her programme includes "Amor Meu" by Ruy Coelho, a contemporary Portuguese composer, who is an exponent of leader which are typically Portuguese in idiom and style. Edis Carvalho will be accompanied at the piano by Isolda Alhew.

"THIS WEEK"

"This Week" is a special report on the Canadian International Trade Fair, presented by Radio Hongkong by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

Pete Talmán of the CBC describes the fair, and the Hong Kong stand, and talks to Mr. B. J. Williams and Mr. B. J. Barlow of the Colony's delegation.

Also in the programme is a discussion between one of the conductors of the Symphony of the Air, Mr. Walter Hendl, and Father Ryan, on the orchestra's Far East tour, and the possibility of eventually bringing it to Hongkong. And John Wallace talks to Mr. Wadsworth Wood, Publisher of "Small Homes Guide" and "Home Modernisation" two popular American publications. "This Week" is on the air at 7.30 this evening.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 360 kilocycles per second and on 3940 kilocycles, 76.14 metres.)

Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 MUSICAL SCAFFOLD.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.
2.00 OLD TIME BALLROOM.
2.30 DUTCH SWING COLLEGE BAND.
2.40 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.
2.45 STUDIO: FORCES CHOICE.
3.00 LITA ROZA SINGS.
3.05 BLACKBATH BLUES: High Noon. Half as much. Allentown. Half with Ted Heath and his Music. Make Love to Me. Tell me what you want. Make Love to Me.
3.15 NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.
3.20 NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.
3.25 NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.
3.30 NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

FERDINAND



by Hans Kandler. Much Ado About Nothing—Alexander Szwarczewski conducting the State Orchestra of the U.S.S.R.

11.00 RELAY OF THE SERVICE FROM THE G.I.F.S. METHODIST CHURCH. Preacher: The Rev. J. E. Sandbach.

12.00 NEGRO SPIRITUALS "SWING LOW". The De Paul Ministry Chorus. Swing Low, Sweet Chariot. Nobody knows de Trouble like me. Saxon (tenor solo). Who Built de Ark. In Dat Great Gittin' up Morning. Grand Old Duke of York. Soon Ah will be done. Leonard de Paul (cond.).

12.15 p.m. STUDIO: SPORTS TALK. 12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

12.35 "THE P.A.J.A.M. GAME" (ADLER-ROSA). Sung by the principals and conducted by the principals and conducted by Hal Haddad.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT. Bluebird Overture. Offenbach. Jean Martinon conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Concerto in D minor, Op. 47. (Sibelius). Jascha Heifetz (violin) and London Philharmonic Orp. cond. by Sir Thomas Beecham.

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RELAY OF SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT. Bluebird Overture. Offenbach. Jean Martinon conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Concerto in D minor, Op. 47. (Sibelius). Jascha Heifetz (violin) and London Philharmonic Orp. cond. by Sir Thomas Beecham.

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LEAGUE BOWLS

UNBEATEN IRC "BLUES" TAKE ON LAST YEAR'S CHAMPIONS TODAY

By "TOUCHER"

What promises to be the best match of the Lawn Bowls League season so far will take place this afternoon at Recreo when the Champion Recreo "Blues" take on the only unbeaten First Division team, Indian Recreation Club "Blues".

Having already suffered two defeats in four outings, Recreo "Blues" are already four points behind the League-leading Kowloon Cricket Club in as many games played.

The Indians, who are only 3½ points behind KCC with one game in hand, have on the other hand, been bubbling with confidence since their 3-2 triumph over the current League leaders, and are highly optimistic of regaining the coveted Senior League title they won in 1950 and 1951.

On record and on form, it is doubtful if the Indians could keep their unbeaten record before the afternoon is over. Although they have won all their three matches so far, there has been a lack of consistency in their performance. The essential factor of team-work, where every member and every four of the team play their part.

Under the present system of League scoring, it is not enough for a team to win every match by a 3-2 margin to win the Championship. They must average at least four points per match.

Last year the Indians started out with almost exactly the same team and with the same confidence, but received a severe setback in their first round match against the Recreo "Blues", losing by 5-0 and by 32 shots on the Recreo green.

With the Recreo "Blues" already well back on the road to recovery in form, indications are that they will have a definite edge over their opponents on at least two risks this afternoon.

CONTRIVERSIAL POINT

One controversial point has been brought up by many participants in the League on the eve of this match, and that is whether a Club fielding two teams in the same Division could shuffle any player from one team to the other.

Under the present League rules it seems that a Club is within its right to do so, as long as that player is not among the registered eight bowlers, but such a practice seems rather contrary to the ethics of Lawn Bowls.

A Club that fields two teams in one Division will certainly have definite advantages on the other teams in it, on strength, the stronger team whenever necessary and it can also strengthen the weaker team when that team is in danger of relegation.

There is already a League rule which states that a player who has played in three or more League games for a particular Club is not allowed to play for another Club in the League in the same season.

What seems to be needed to avoid any unpleasantness in the lawn bowls fraternity seems to be an implementation of the ruling that exists in our local Tennis and Badminton League to the effect that "all teams competing in the same Division of a League are to be regarded as opposing teams".

Coming back to this afternoon's matches, the remaining three games in the first Division League will be more or less David versus Goliath affairs.

With little prospect of any upset except possibly in the match between the Police Club and Police Recreation Club.

The custodians of the law are in for a nice shock this afternoon unless they show vast improvement on their last week's form.

Kowloon Cricket Club should easily maintain their position as League leaders in this Division with a comfortable win over Recreo "Blues" who with the exception of A.A. Lopez' four have still to show some exceptional performances.

UNCERTAINTY OF FORM

Topping the four Second Division matches is the clash between Hongkong Football Club and Kowloon Cricket Club at the Valley. The footballers are generally conceded to be the stronger side, but show a greater margin of uncertainty of form than their more consistent opponents, as evidenced by their recent 5-0 trouncing by Hongkong Cricket Club.

The cricketers have made one change in their team, Duffield taking over the skip's role from George Lee, who, I understand, found it tremendously difficult last week to be up on the full heads. A close game is indicated with either side capable of winning by a 4-1 margin.

Kowloon Dock Club may not be able to take the maximum five points from USRC at King's Park but can be almost assured of four points here. Craignewer Cricket Club will probably have an easier task of scoring the maximum points against Police Recreation Club, who are still without a point after three matches.

Talkoo has been having an excellent run of successes during the last few weeks, playing mostly on their own green, but it will be tested on an away green.

In their first match of the season they fell prey to HKFC by 5-0 on the footpath green and anything could happen in their match against HKCC this afternoon at Chater Road where, according to reports, the green is not playing as well as before. Unless the Cricket Club produces some of the phenomenal form they are capable of, as in their match against HKFC, the dockmen are good enough for five points.

THIRD DIVISION GAMES

The Third Division games will see an interesting battle between the League-leading Kowloon Dock and highly-regarded Police Recreation Club. The dockmen have so far proved to be in a class by themselves in this division with already four successive wins to their credit, and with the advantage of playing on a home green are not expected to be in any danger of losing their clear record. Any fight that

the Police team could put up will be sufficiently praiseworthy.

TALKING POINT

For this week's talking point I pick on the forthcoming Colony Open Championships. Entries for the different events of this annual affair closed at the end of last month and the draw, I understand, will take place around the 14th of this month.

I have not had the opportunity to glance through the entries, but it can be expected that the number will be fairly close to that of last year. I have asked a number of bowlers why they are not competing in the Championships this season and invariably the answer comes that they prefer not to be bothered to go from one end of town to another just to play off one match.

A variation of that answer is that they cannot spare so much time as the Championships usually drag on for weeks and months. It seems that our Colony Championships can be a much more popular and at the same time a more beneficial affair if they can be run on Empire Games lines.

Ties for the different events could, for example, be played off in two sessions—morning and afternoon—on a Sunday or a holiday at alternate centres. One week's tie could be King's Park, with KCC, KBCC and Recreo as the playing greens. Another week it could be at Happy Valley with PRC, CCC, HKFC and IRC offering their greens for use.

The Championships could then be completed in a much shorter space of time and at the same time they will not only provide a test of skill but also of endurance.

Clubs, too, will be left ample time to run their own club events, and participants in the Championships will be afforded greater opportunities of getting to know each other.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
Recreo "Blues" v. IRC "Blues"
IRC "Gold" v. CCC FC v. PRC
KCC v. Recreo "Whites"
KBCC (bye)

Second Division
HKFC v. KCC
HKCC v. TC
PRC v. CCC
USRC v. KDC
FC (bye)

Third Division
KCC v. HKFC
HKRC v. USRC
KDC v. PRC
KBCC v. FC
FOC (bye)

SPORTS QUIZ

- Laszlo, Chris and Brian, are the Christian names of three men who, together last month created sports history! What are their surnames? What did they do?
- Two days later, at the same place, Sander and Ken hit the headlines. Surnames and performances again please.
- Sporting doctors. Who are or were, (a) Dr W. G., (b) Dr R. G.?
- Fill the gaps—(a) Dxxxxx, (b) xxNxx, (c) xRxxRxx, (d) CxNxx, (e) LxxTxx, (f) ExxL.
- In the 1948 Olympic Games the 100 Yards winner was his country's Champion for another event. Who was he?
- Jack, (b) Press, (c) Chisel, besides being tools are sporting terms. In what sports are they used?
- There were two World Heavyweight Champions during 1934. Were they (a) Gene Tunney, (b) Max Baer, (c) Primo Carnera, (d) Max Baer?
- Who is the only English-born rider to win the World Speedway Championship?
- Who was the last man to win three successive Wimbledon Singles titles?
- Where will the 1956 World Table Tennis Championships be held?

Answers See Page 17.

BRITISH WOMEN'S GOLF TEAM



The British women's Golf team who are to tour Australia and New Zealand. Left to right: Miss V. Anstey, Miss B. Jackson, Miss G. Atkinson, Miss B. Somerville, Miss J. Robertson, and their captain, Mrs B. R. Bostock.—London Express Photo.

'Bobo' Olson Is Coming To London To Take On All-Comers

By GEORGE WHITING

Carl "Bobo" Olson, Middleweight Champion of the World, and challenger to Cruiserweight Champion Archie Moore and Heavyweight Champion Rocky Marciano in an effort to land the biggest title treble in the history of boxing, is coming to London next August.

Olson's first assignment will be to issue the loudest possible threat to Don Cockell. If this fails to inspire acceptance, the defy will be extended to Jack Gardner, Johnny Williams, Henry Cooper, Joe Erskine, Randolph Turpin, Ron Barton, Yolande Pompey, and any other top-rank heavyweight or cruiserweight ready to trade punches for spot cash.

You remember Olson, of course. He is the Swedish-Portuguese ex-jockey from Honolulu who:

- (a) Toughtened a porcelain chin by lifting a 35 lb. block of cement with his lower jaw 100 times a day;
- (b) Ran in deep sand to strengthen his calf muscles;
- (c) Won the Middleweight Championship of the World by cuffing Turpin into semi-oblivion 18 months ago;
- (d) And is now in training for his cruiserweight title shot against the veteran Moore in New York on June 22.

I learned about Olson's projected visit to England, through a friend who has been visiting him in his own highly polished brand of gymnasium virtuosity downtown in San Francisco the other day.

NO FAT CIGAR

My host, and Olson's manager, was Sid Flaherty, a large Irish-American with revolutionary ideas about the breeding of Hereford cattle, the colour of Norwich canaries, and the handling of boxers, terns, and temperaments and tax-gatherers.

Flaherty, incidentally, is not to be found behind the usual managerial facade of a fat cigar and a flow of Runyonesque English. He is a literate, highly articulate business man, headed around by a secretariat, but dressed by chartered accountants.

Flaherty, in fact, is not a manager as we understand the species. He is president of Flaherty Promotional Enterprises Inc., an outfit probably without equal in the whole world of sport. Of which more anon.

"Yes, we shall be bringing Olson and a whole team of other fighters to Britain in the autumn," said President Flaherty.

NO INTEREST

"We are not interested in money at this point—only experience. Olson, by that time, will have taken the world cruiserweight title off Moore and looking forward to a Heavyweight Championship crack against Marciano in June, 1956. Before the end of next year Olson will hold all three world titles—heavy, cruiser, and middle."

"Meanwhile, he would like to fight Cockell, or any other

opponent available in Britain. If that proves impossible, he will box exhibitions. And you may tell your promoters not to worry too much about purse money. If needs be, and if I am permitted by your rules, I will personally guarantee any promotion in which our fighters are concerned."

"We shall make London our headquarters and take on any available opposition on the Continent."

"Our corporation will be able to box at almost any weight. With Olson we shall be bringing a rising young Los Angeles middleweight called Charlie Green; featherweight Gill Cadill, who has won and lost against Willie Pep; lightweight Eddie Chavez, who, once out-pointed world champion Jimmy Carter; bantamweight Maurice Campos; welterweight Maurice Harper; and Eddie Machen, a new young coloured heavyweight of great promise."

FLYING OVER

"We shall be flying over with two of our own trainers. I suppose the trip will involve an initial outlay of about 10,000 dollars, but we are not concerned with money at this stage. We are not without assets."

Construe that last remark as an understatement. By the time Olson gets through with Messrs Moore and Marciano, the market value of Flaherty Promotional Enterprises Inc. will have been boosted up to the million-dollar mark.

FPE Inc., in fact, is a most remarkable organisation, and I can visualise all kinds of excitement when its shareholders move in on its next autumn.

Fighters under the Flaherty banner do not throw punches for immediate but spasmodic purse money. They train daily, much as you and I go to work daily. They draw regular weekly salaries.

WEAR AND TEAR

When they fight, one-third of their reward goes to Flaherty; the rest is credited to their shareholdings accounts, against the day they retire—or are retired by the boss.

"Nobody fights for us unless he does us credit," says Mr F.

HOW TO PLAY BETTER GOLF

Left Hand The Master In Good Putting

By JOHN JACOBS

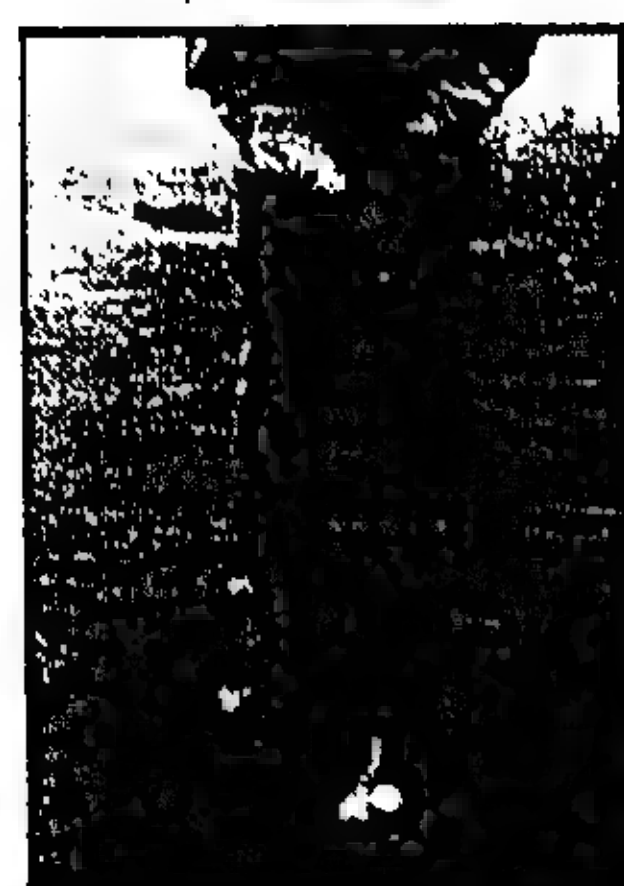
Putting needs practice—and plenty of it. I do most of mine in the winter—evenings on the carpet at home.

Not long spells but frequent short sessions of 20 minutes or so. It is difficult to maintain concentration for long periods.

I don't agree with the "never up never in" theory. Go for the hole but make sure that if you fail you have the best possible second putt.

Don't keep the hands still. They should move in an arc which is in direct ratio to the larger arc made by the club-head.

Back swing should be fairly short, with THE RIGHT HAND PROVIDING THE CRISP TAP



Keep the ball nine inches from inside the left foot.

and the head almost vertically over the ball.

FEET CLOSE

The feet are fairly close with the ball not more than eight or nine inches away from the inside of the left foot.

I putt best when I feel confident that I am swinging my hands from end to the ball in the direction of the hole.

Many bad putters take the club back too far and slow down at impact. Always try to keep the blade of the club head at right angles to the ball.

Finally, keep your head still and relax.

You can only hole out—of miss.



My grip—with the hands high.

OF THE BALL ON THE LINE DIRECTED BY THE LEFT HAND.

THE STRIKE

In all putts the left hand is the guiding factor.

The action should be one of slight acceleration coming to the strike. An exaggerated back swing tends to result in the reverse.

Follow through should be a matter of only a few inches. As long as the club head follows through on a true line there is nothing more to worry about.

On sloping greens make sure that you leave yourself with as short an up-hill second shot as possible if you fall with the first.

I use the reverse overlap grip, with the wrists held fairly high.



Follow through only a few inches on a true line.

Pompey's Sportsmanship Comes Like A Breath Of Clean Air

Says DENNIS HART

Rushing in where others fear to tread comes Yolande Pompey, Trinidad's hope for world boxing honours. In July he goes to Germany to meet the winner of the Gerard Hecht-Willie Hoepfner European title fight in Hambourg.

Rough handling and even rougher decisions have caused British boxers to give Germany a wide berth. Does that worry Pompey?

Not one bit. "These are my referees," he declared, showing me two tough-as-leak ebony fists, "they won't need any help to decide who's won."

And after polishing off the next European Champion? Jack Burns, Pompey's manager, says the next move is to corner Randolph Turpin for an Empire title-chance and/or Archie Moore in a World Championship bid.

Meantime Pompey, wants some more work to be getting on with. A South American venture having faded out, he now fancies going back to Trinidad for a busman's holiday.

"A few weeks at home with a couple of fights to keep me in trim would be just what the doctor ordered."

An opponent he would like to meet at home is Polly Smith of Bermuda. An all-Caribbean scrap, it should pack in the fans.

At Nottingham in April Pompey and Smith fought out a thriller in an eliminator for Turpin's Empire title. Pompey's points victory must have been by the narrowest of margins.

Now many top-liners, I wonder, within grasp of major honours would give a return to someone capable of putting those honours out of their reach?

Pompey's sportsmanship comes like a breath of clean air into the murky haze that surrounds the business of boxing.

HEADING FOR A REMARKABLE RECORD

Billy Wright, England's soccer captain and centre-half, is heading for the remarkable figure of 100 international caps.

His last England appearance—against Portugal—brought his total to 71, sixteen more than his nearest rival, Tom Finney.

Stanley Matthews has 49 "full" appearances, although he made many more during the war.

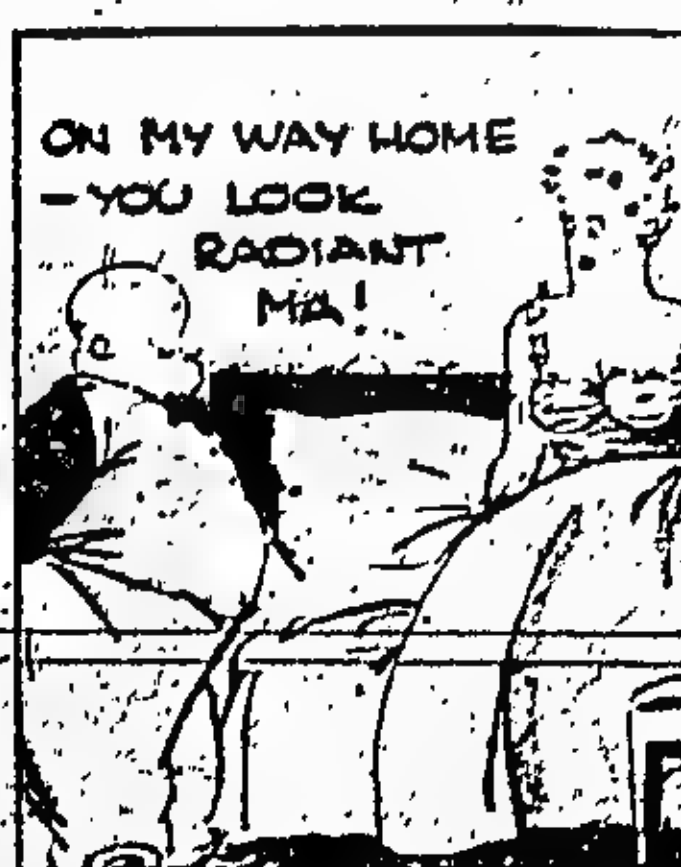
Wright was 31 in February. According to Jimmy Trotter, Charlton and England trainer, he has "four or five seasons in front of him."

(—London Express Service)

POP



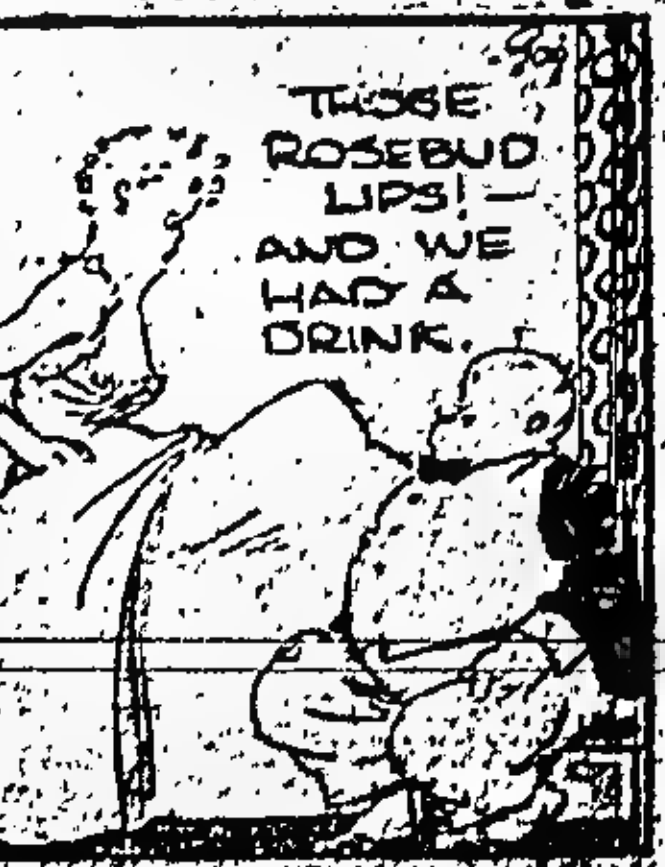
ON MY WAY HOME



I RAN INTO THE COLONEL



THOSE ROSEBUD LIPS



CALEY

make wonderful chocolates

SPORTS SURVEY

Doris Hart Is A Player Who Made Good Despite Physical Handicaps

Says ALL-ROUNDER

Amongst the recent arrivals in Britain of overseas players for competition in the various Counties Tennis tournaments prior to their appearance in the English Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon is former women's finalist, Doris Hart, considered by the experts to be one of the most likely successors to retired Champion, Maureen Connolly.

Miss Hart, who is at the moment in splendid form, at one time had her brilliant tennis career threatened when she became a cripple during childhood through polio. As a little girl, the courage she has so often displayed on the courts was there to enable her to fight it off.

She is but one example, of which the history of sport is full, of the men and women who made good despite physical handicaps, and there are others, too, who fought on when the faculties had failed them.

Men like legless British war ace-pilot Douglas Bader who brought his golf handicap down to four; the great American Ben Hogan, crushed and broken by appalling injuries in an accident, who made a glorious come-back to big-time Championship golf. At least three of Britain's top-class tennis players are diabetics and a few more, with broken neck or back bones, "came back" to play Rugby for their country.

Not all, however, win the fight. The famous American basketball player Lou Gehrig developed nervous trouble affecting his limbs. The spread of the disease could be traced by the gradual fall in his batting average. There is in contrast the man who lost a leg in North Africa and later "captained" his rowing club. Another similarly disabled in the previous war overcame his handicap to climb the Matterhorn ten years later.

An accident left Ed, Furgel, US Open Golf Champion, with a crooked and wasted left arm, but he can still outwit many other golfers in the field. There have been triumphs, too, over

faulty eyesight. Sam Langford, boxing's "Boston Tar Baby," in 1917 became sightless in one eye when the other was almost blind. Yet he fought till 1924 when, after knocking an opponent down, he lost him and wandered "aimlessly round the ring."

The "Pittsburg Windmill" fought in a similar condition but won fights. Blind golfer Charles Boswell did 18 holes in 82 at Alabama, and one recent Westling Championship was won by a blind-man. Peter Howard played Rugby for England though his left leg was no thicker than his wrist.

Tommy Gray was at full-back for Scotland's XV with one boot specially made to compensate for a war wound in the leg. Few people realise that Glen Cunningham, the US miler, had his legs severely burned in childhood. One man who lost his right leg as a child came to jump 5ft. 7 inches in his first athletics competition. You may not be aware that one of Scotland's famous Rugby International forwards was one-eyed, and that the man he marked in one match against France was also one-eyed!

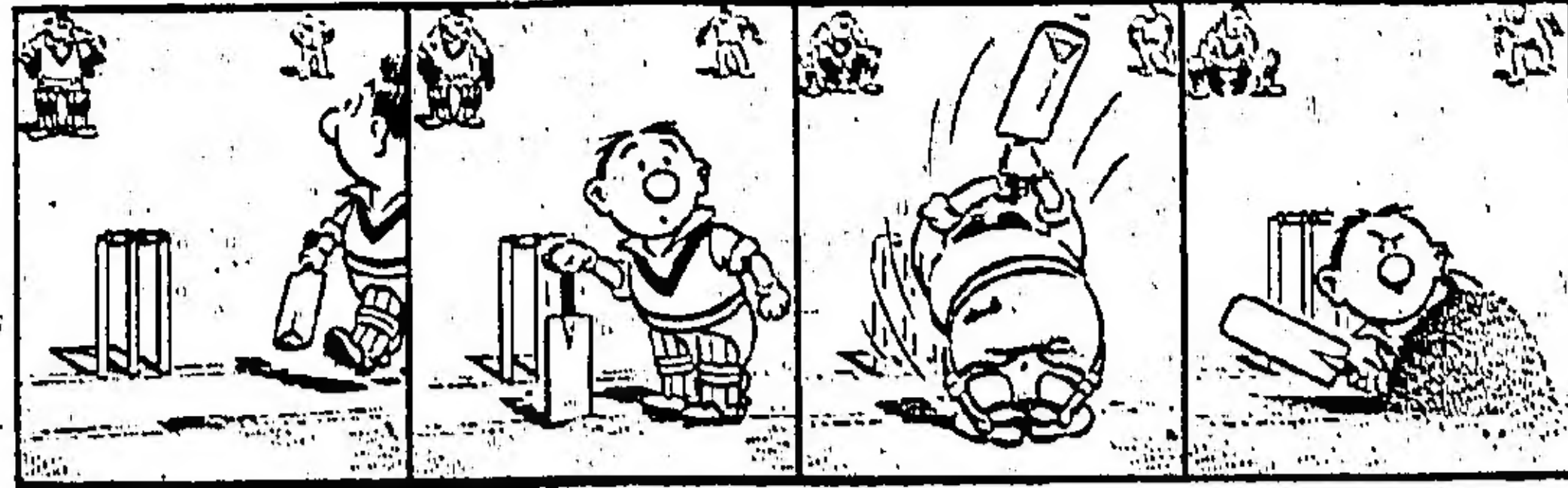
Christie O'Connor, the former caddy who has just celebrated his fourth year in big golf by winning Britain's "biggest golf cash prize" of £1,000 in the Swallow-Penfold tournament at Southport, has now his third big tournament in England and registered his first major victory.

His magnificent 292 was really golden golf, worth nearly £3,10s. a stroke. Wonder what former Open Champion, George Dunbar, and former Amateur Champion, Cyril Tolley, think about this fabulous golf? Both of them were somewhat critical of present day golf trends at the golden jubilee celebrations of the Scottish Letchworth Golf Club.

Speaking at the banquet, Dunbar dwelt on the great Open Championships fought out by the masters of the golf for modest prize-money. He said: "Now Cotton says that £2,500 is not enough. What annoys some people is that they don't win it. Bobby Locke and Peter Thomson come over and take it, so they are going to have a British National Championship so they can have a British National Champion. I think it's disgusting." He endorsed Tolley's earlier opinion about so-called "progress" in the game, adding: "A lot of Scots took this Royal and Ancient game to America to be murdered. Caddies have gone. Now you drive down the fairways in a motor caddy, jump out and—miss it!"

Tolley's contribution to the debate was: "I deplore the advent of the steel shaft and graded clubs. The standard of golf has not improved since steel, but certainly the standard of scoring has. In our day you used to have to play a shot—now you buy a shot."

SPORTING SAM By Reg. Wootton



The Test Selectors' Job Is Not An Easy One

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

Most people think the England Selectors' job was done when they had picked eleven or twelve names for the first Test this week-end. That little task, I would say, was not an easy one. But that was not all they had to do. As soon as they had decided on their top eleven they had to settle down to juggle with a "shadow" team of replacements in case of sickness or injury.

If two players were to get hurt, for instance, between the team selection meeting on Sunday and the day of the match on Thursday, it might not have been possible for the Selectors to get together again to revise the team. So they had to anticipate by discussing such possibilities in advance and agreeing on the best men to have standing by; then the Chairman of Selectors can merely lift the telephone and tell the agreed reserves to turn up.

The most difficult man to replace, quite obviously, is your all-rounder. If Trevor Bailey were to go sick, it could upset the whole balance of the England side—for Trevor is a key man at both batting and bowling.

If that happened, it could this season mean another big chance for Yorkshire's young Brian Close. But even if Brian were to be called, the position would still be tricky, for Brian bowls off-spinners while Trevor is a fast seam bowling specialist. That would mean readjusting two positions to retain team balance, if the all-rounder fell out.

ALL THE SYMPATHY

So, you see, selecting a Test team isn't as simple as it is so often thought. Instead of all the criticism which pours upon Selectors, they ought to get all the sympathy they deserve. It's one of those jobs where you stand to get all the kicks and none of the happiness.

If the team loses badly, the Selectors get torn to pieces for picking the wrong men. If the team wins, the captain and players get the praise and the back-room boys who knitted the team together are forgotten.

So this season, give Gubby Allen, Brian Sellers, Wilfred Wood, and Andy Watson and Len Hutton a break. No; that this particular company will worry very much—for a shrewder, more experienced, tougher committee I cannot remember. Even so it would be a great deal better if they got the credit they deserve.

It was a good gesture from this committee when they appointed Len Hutton as captain for the whole series. It was a gesture of thanks for just the virtues it was also a gesture of confidence in his leadership for the future. One thing I hope for—in common with most lovers of the game—is that Len Hutton may quickly regain his true form with the bat.

For it is as a batsman—the greatest and most complete batsman in the world—that Hutton's real greatness lies. Last year he was far from well and we did not see him near his best. In the winter he just couldn't get the big runs we expected in

Australia. And now, as I write these lines, the warty sun-shine he is still struggling to get away.

With the average player I would be inclined to suggest that, at 38, a comeback might be impossible. But Hutton is really a very average player. His technique is so sound and his experience so great that in my view he is too good a player not to step out of his team spell soon. What Len wants is what most of us want—a few weeks of really warm sun on our backs to loosen our muscles and harden up these wickets.

ANOTHER CHANCE

If Hutton decides that he should bat lower in the order—and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he does—most people seem to think that Don Kenyon, the Worcestershire opening batsman, should get another chance in the England team. I must say that few batsmen can ever have done more in County cricket and received less reward than Don. So to my mind he should be given another chance.

But he has strong competition. My own skipper, Reg Simpson, has never batted better in his whole career than he is batting now. He seems more serious; he's got his head down to it; there is a new soundness about his play. In terms of pure batsmanship I would say that Reg has never deserved an England place more than he does right now.

A great deal is also being said of Surrey's young Ken Barrington. A very fine young player he certainly is for the number four or five berth in any side. If I were selecting, he is exactly the type of player I would concentrate on. Like Neil Harvey of Australia, he takes chances—but can win matches. He scores quickly and powerfully and that is exactly what the England side has needed for a very long time.

One of the best innings I have seen this year was from Maurice Tremlett, the big, fair-haired, Somerset lad. He hit the ball beautifully. Another I consider a really fine batsman who rarely gets the limelight is

Arnold Hamer of Derbyshire. His bat to me always looks as broad as a barn door. The point about Arnold is that he does his batting most of the year on bowlers' wickets!

Well, the Test battle is on. Let's hope we have good weather and good cricket. We want the money from the Tests—to pay back the counties for all the money they've lost to the weather so far.

COACHING HINT

A good batsman is one who knows his bad shots—and eliminates them. We've all got bad strokes and we've probably tried to improve them. But the most successful batsman in my experience is the one who disciplines himself to leave his bad shots out of his repertoire altogether. So keep within your limitations.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Tabori, Chataway and Hewson. At the White City on May 28 they all broke four minutes in the Mile race.
2. Iharos and Wood, who both broke the World Two-Mile record.
3. William Gilbert Grace, and Roger Bannister.
4. (a) Denis Compton. (b) Tony Trabert. (c) Gene Littler. (d) Emil Zatopek.
5. Harrison Dillard who was America's 120 Yards Hurdle Champion.
6. (a) Jack is the white "target" ball in bowls; (b) Press is a lift in weight-lifting; (c) Chiselling is negative play in table tennis.
7. Carnera and Baer.
8. Tommy Price who won the title in 1949.
9. Fred Perry in 1934-6.
10. Tokyo.



Choose BOOTH'S

FINEST DRY GIN

Sole Distributors: CALDBECK, MACGREGOR & CO., LTD.



A Wet Summer Had A Lot To Do With The Gate Receipts

Says ARCHIE QUICK

"MCC Secretary, Mr Ronald Aird, told me at Lords the other day that County Cricket clubs lost £75,000 last season. Not that much less profit than the previous season, but a dead loss in pounds, shillings and pence over income. Obviously that state of affairs cannot continue if the clubs are to exist."

A wet summer had a lot to do with it, and the dying month of May has done nothing to add to the exchequers. High winds, cold days and heavy showers have kept the customers away, even although the Locks and Appleyards have been reaping a merry harvest of wickets.

Something has to be done, and I suggest one way would be for the counties to cultivate the vogue of the big hitter. The clan is almost extinct since the amateurs found that they could not afford to play all summer these unceremonious days. When the amateurs were hitting the professionals had to follow suit to keep their places in the eleven.

Now the unpaid man has almost disappeared—there are only about six who play the entire season—the professionals fight among themselves for places and obviously the men who score most runs stay in. Therefore, they take no chances. Let the counties give men of natural hitting ability the assurance that they will not be dropped for trying to be enterprising. Gilbert Jessop was not alone in his day, you know. There were A. H. Hornby, K. L. Hutchings, J. N. Crawford, G. N. Foster, E. M. Sprot, A. P. Day, F. G. J. Ford among others all ready and willing to hit the cover off the ball at the slightest excuse.

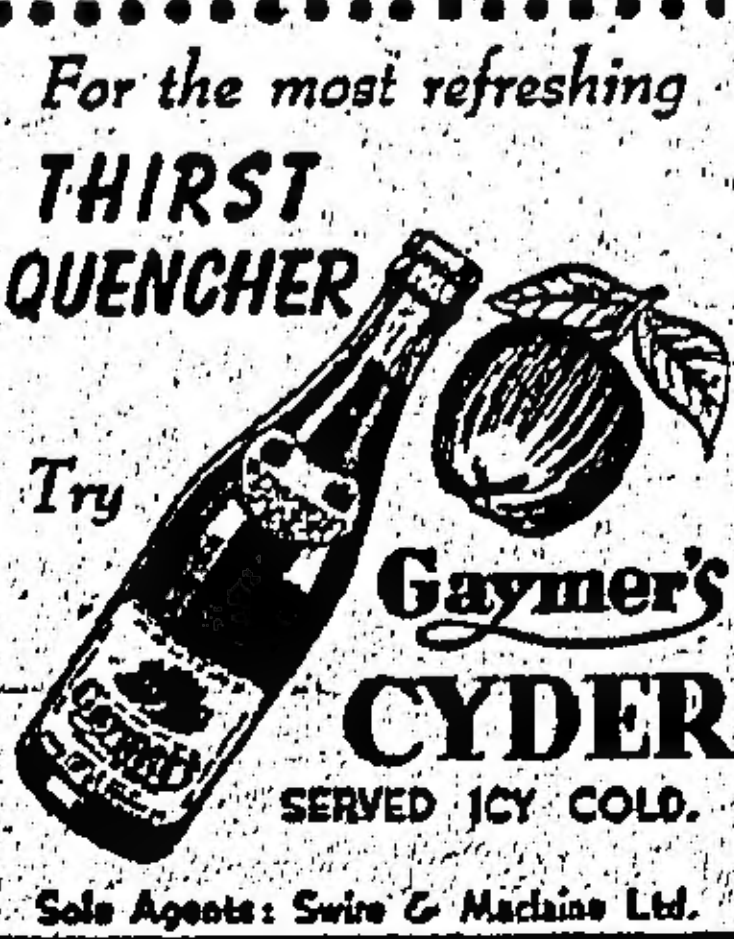
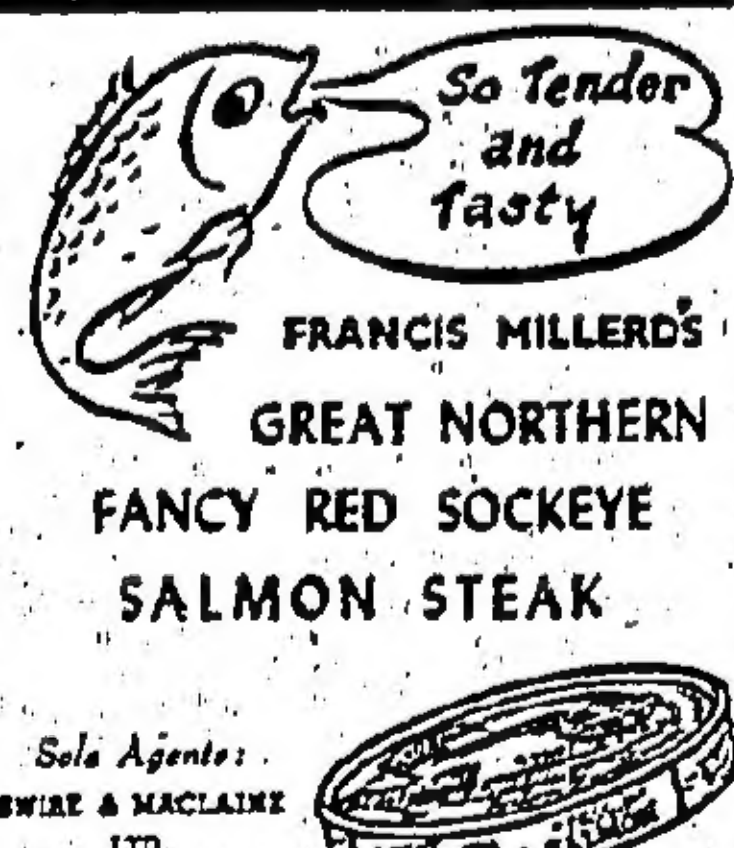
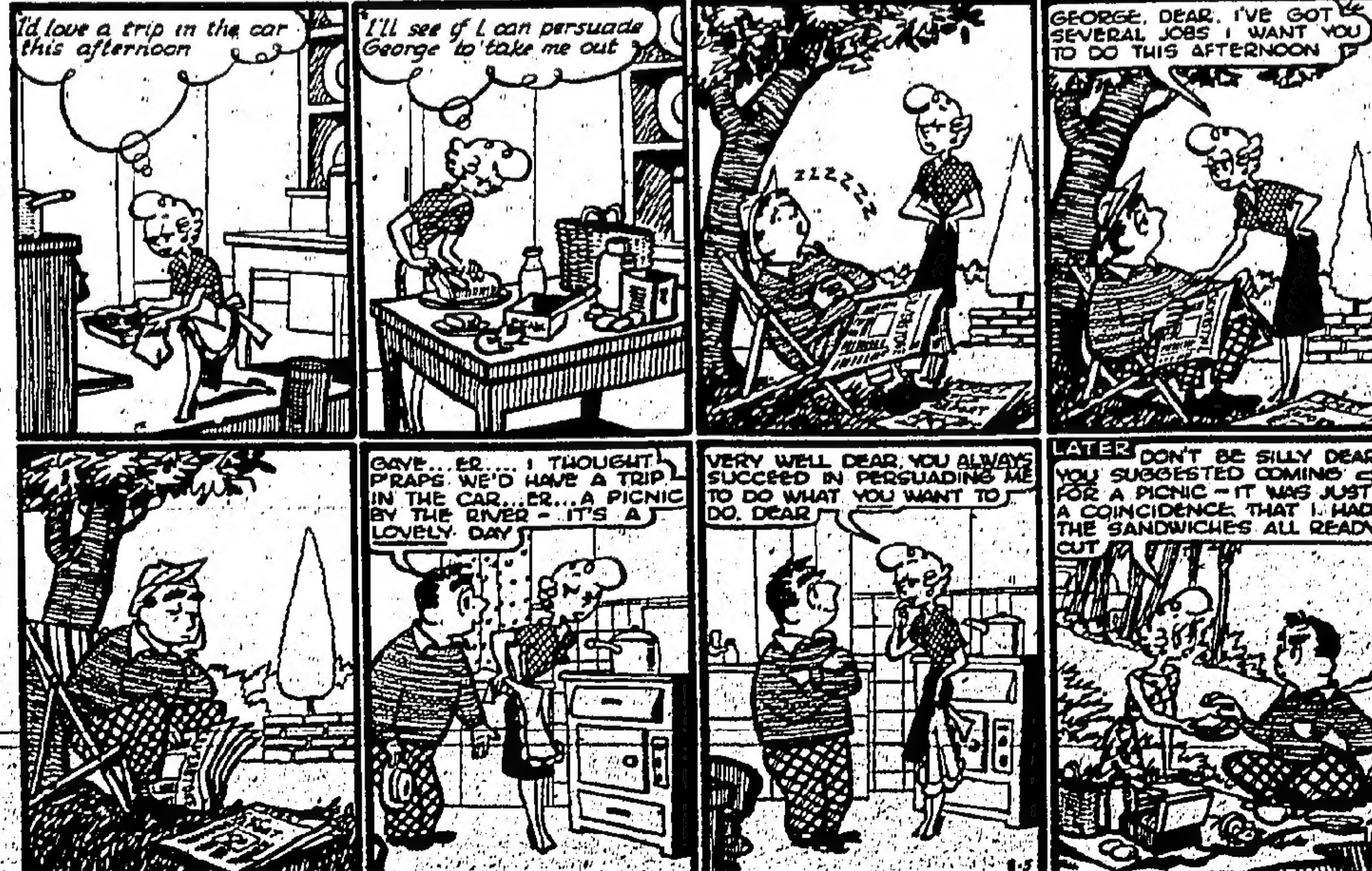
BETWEEN THE WARS

Between the Wars there were P. G. H. Fender, W. Voce, Lord Tennyson, J. Hardstaff, H. P. Barker and G. Cox of the same breed. And Jim Smith and Wellard were of the same species. Who are there today? Only twice in the ten years since the last War has a century been made inside a hour—by Freddie Brown at Scarborough Festival and by C. Poole for Nottingham versus Leicester in 1949.

Not one such feat since—six years. The only players, perhaps, who are prepared to "have a go" these days are Rex Perks, Stuart Surridge and Alan Jackson, and is it a coincidence that they are all fast bowlers?

The cause for it all is too much schooling of young men in the orthodox stroke for every given situation with strict in-

THE WEEKEND GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby

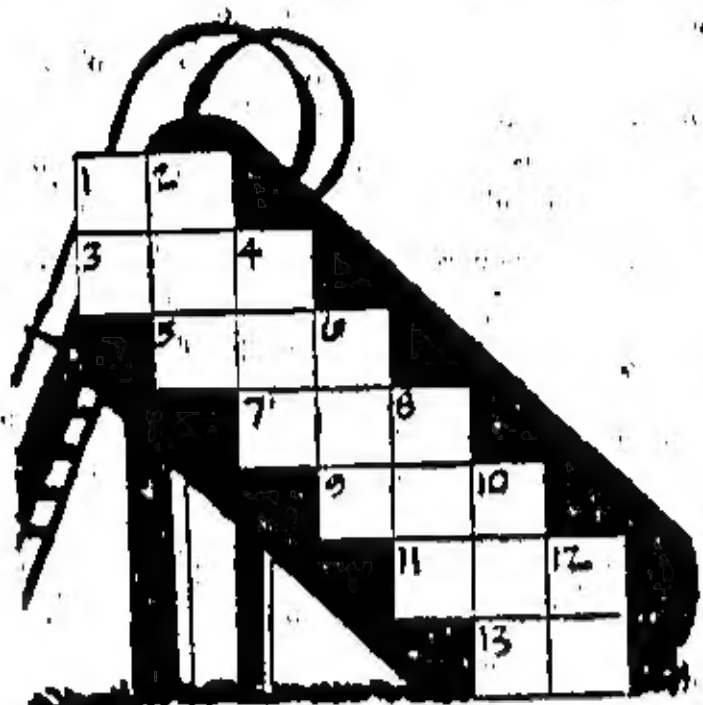


FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

Today's crossword puzzle is on the silhouette of a sliding board.



ACROSS

1. Compass point
2. Shade tree
3. Among
4. Annex
5. Body of water
6. Age
7. East side (ab.)

DOWN

1. Symbol for samarium
2. Dentist (ab.)
3. English river
4. Exist
5. While

HIDDEN FLOWERS

A flower is hidden in each of the following sentences. You should find them easily. The experience wasn't as terrifying as they had feared. I rise every morning at dawn. The raised umbrella kept them dry.

MIX-UPS

Rearrange the letters in each row to find the three facts which have to do with summer: TOURS ICY DENS, VENDOR CRISIS, GREAT LINES.

DIAMOND

This word diamond is centered on Summer's gentle BREEZES. The second word is "blood money"; third "a boy's name"; fifth "sleeced"; and sixth "a boy's nickname." Can you finish the diamond from these clues?

B
R
E
E
Z
E
S
Z
E
S

HOW TO READ MINDS

1. Do some HOCUS FOCUS and pretend you are going into a TRANCE.

2. ASK YOUR FRIENDS TO AGREE ON A NUMBER UP TO 8...

3. HOLD YOUR FINGERS ON THE TEMPLES OF EACH FRIEND.

4. When you come to your pal who is in the trick, he counts out the number by gritting his teeth the right number of times.

5. THE NUMBER IS 5!

WAIT UNTIL YOU HAVE READ ALL MINDS BEFORE CALLING NUMBERS!

SUMMERTIME REBUS

Four things pertaining to the "good old summertime" are concealed in this rebus. You can find them with ease if you use the words and pictures to full advantage.



(Solutions on Page 20)

THE YANKEE DOODLES HAD THE LAST LAUGH

WAS there a real Yankee Doodle? Was he an actual person, or only the imaginary hero of the first American song hit?

The history of Yankee Doodle and the rollicking marching song of the American Revolution goes back to the first days of the colonies. "Yankee" derived from the Indian "Yenge", meaning anything good, wise, or strong. In Cambridge, the students of Harvard University so overworked the word that it became a slang term meaning foolish, awkward or ungainly—the opposite of its first meaning. "Doodle" came from an old Dutch harvest song sung in New Amsterdam to the same tune we know today.

MOTLEY COLUMN

The story of how the words we know came to be set to the tune is also the story of the man who was actually the first Yankee Doodle. He was Thomas Fitch, eldest son of the colonial governor of the same name who served from 1751 to 1753.

Young Tom Fitch was leader of the Town Train Band of Nor-



walk, Connecticut, in 1755 during the French and Indian wars. When the British Regulars stationed at Rensselaer New York, called urgently for colonial reinforcements to aid them in an engagement at Crown Point against the Indians, all the Train Bands responded.

There was no time to prepare. Men simply dropped their

tools and marched in whatever clothes they wore when summoned. Homespun and buttoned, wigs and satin coats, fringed buckskin and coon tailed caps... all fell in behind Captain Thomas Fitch riding his pony at the head of the motley column.

RED COATS

When the spit-and-polish Regulars resplendent in scarlet uniforms saw the Train Bands parade past their encampment, they roared with laughter. These were the reinforcements! Rag, tag, and bobtail for His Majesty's crack regiments!

A witty British surgeon watched young Thomas Fitch and his men march past and improvised English words to the old Dutch tune: "Yankee Doodle" came to town.

"A-riding on a pony—" But the "Yankee Doodle" had the last laugh. In the Crown Point campaign the colonials, led the advance because they knew Indian ways of warfare they withstood attack so bravely and counter-attacked so valiantly that the victory was acknowledged to be theirs by the red coats who had called them scarcoons.

FIRST SONG HIT

As the Train Bands, still wearing a hedgepodge of like garments, marched back to their homes, they sang loudly the song they had taken for their own.

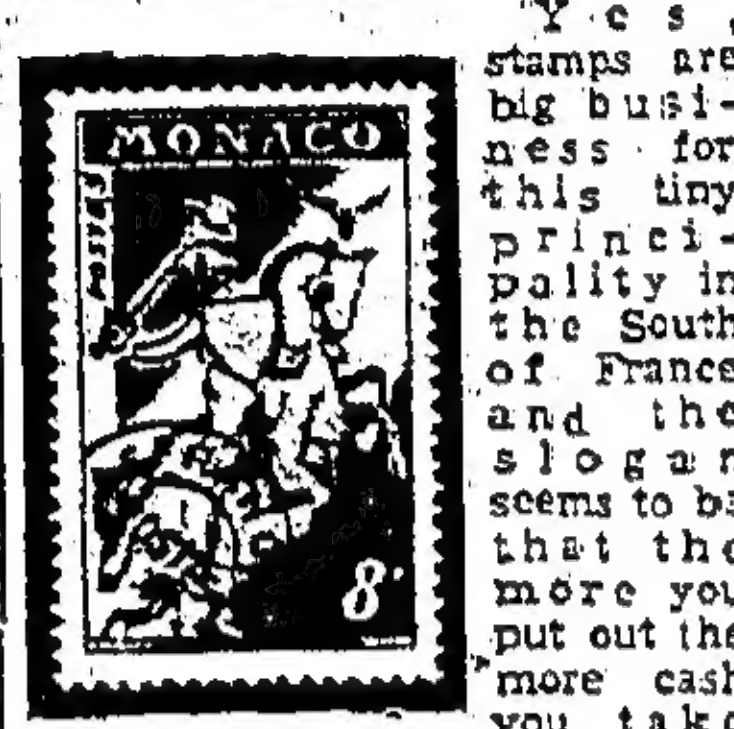
So the song that later became the rally cry of the American Revolution was carried from town to town.

The colonials marched after young Captain Thomas Fitch "a-riding on his pony" the red Yankee Doodle and the first American song hit.

Fascinating Monaco Stamps

A KNIGHT in full armour wields his sword, his war-horse rears and leaps to the charge... and Monaco, that sunny land bordering the Mediterranean sells the world another set of new stamps.

I confess that the stamp industry of Monaco fascinates me. No dullness there—and such a nice way for a country to earn its money.



Y-e-s, stamps are big business for this tiny principality in the South of France and the sales seem to be that the more you put out the more cash you take in.

No matter that the catalogue do not list high prices for the stamps of Monaco down the years. Numbers are the thing that count and variety the quality that sells.

Monaco started its philatelic flood in 1885. Subjects featured on its stamps since then range from portraits of its rulers, through picture postcard scenes to saintly themes and futuristic air mail designs.

Highest price I see in the catalogue is £33 for the five-franc red (with 5-franc surcharge of March 1920). But for every issue valued in pounds the catalogue contains a record priced in pennies.

Still, variety is a spiky thing—and there Monaco wins. The new issue, a set of four, is recess-printed, perforated 13 and sells at 1/8d. in London. J.A.A.

Where Screams Announce The Bride

JUNE is traditionally wedding month. But how many of us would look forward to wedding fights? When marriage takes place in many parts of the world, it becomes a matter of ordinary courtesy for a "fight" to be staged on the scene as well. Sometimes this mock battle is a private affair between the bride and the groom. Other times and places the relatives believe that they ought to get in on the pseudo fistfights also.

Among the Eskimos of Greenland, for example, the new husband is expected to grab his wife by the hair and drag her all the way from her own house to his. And she, in her turn, customarily fights back "bitterly" and offers all kinds of pretended resistance.

The groom has his friends help him, among the Wataita and Wadshaga tribes, after the young lady is, legally his. Four of them grab her



by the arms and the legs. The louder she screams, the more satisfactory the ceremony. Her friends and relations fall in behind, shouting insults and jeers at the tops of their lungs.

In New Britain, things are brought to an even headier climax, for there the couple is supposed to clope, after the man builds a small hut far out in the bush. The father of the girl goes off in storm of simulated wrath, together with his friends, in an insincere attempt

to burn down the couple's supposed new home. He actually does burn it. But he knows full well that the pair are quite safe in a snug home in town all the time.

—Bess Ritter

With Carte Blanche, You Can Do Anything

"GO RIGHT ahead! I give you carte blanche!" It gives a person a happy feeling to have someone say that at the very beginning of some interesting work. "And why? Because it means 'do anything you like'."

In French, *carte blanche* means "white paper" or blank paper. When King Charles I was made a prisoner under the rule of Cromwell, his son, later Charles II, fled to Holland for safety.

The story is told that the Prince wrote his name near the bottom of an absolutely blank paper and sent it to Cromwell's Parliament. "With this paper went the promise that if his father's life were saved the Prince would agree to any terms that might be written over his signature. That is how *carte blanche* came to mean "write your own terms" or "do anything you like."

Identify Their Last Names

BELOW is a list of famous people of fact and fiction, who have become so famous by their first names or nicknames that their last names have almost been forgotten. How many of their last names can you identify?

1. Tiny Tim
2. Buffalo Bill
3. Tom Thumb

4. Billy the Kid
5. Evangeline
6. Camille
7. Blondie
8. John Henry
9. Appleseed
10. Little Wo-

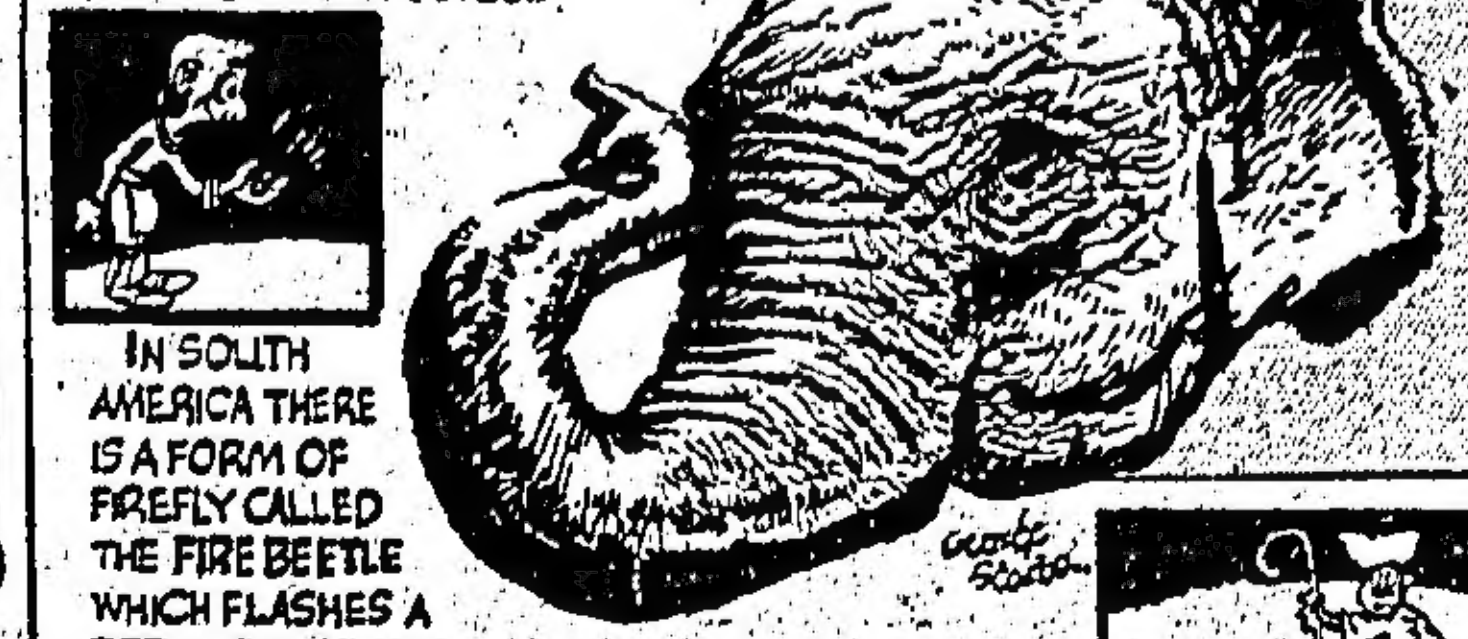
- a. Burke
- b. Burnstead
- c. Cratchit

- d. Cody
- e. Chapman
- f. Stratton
- g. Gaudier
- h. Bonney
- i. March
- j. Bellefontaine
- k. Mcg. taine
- l. Beth and Amy

(Answers on Page 20)

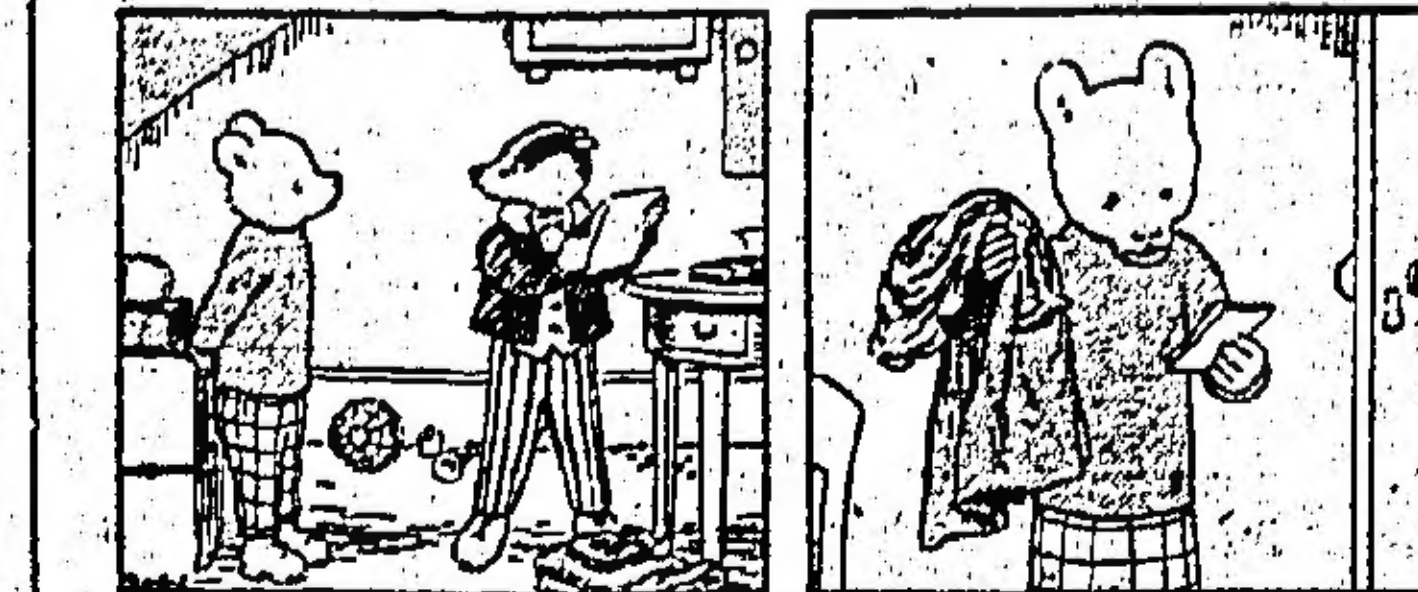
400'S WHO

AN ELEPHANT'S TRUNK IS BONELESS, PERFECTLY FLEXIBLE, AND UNBELIEVABLY STRONG, MADE UP OF A MASS OF TOUGH, INTERWOVEN SINEWS AND MUSCLES.



AND A GREEN LIGHT ALONG THE SIDES... FAT-TAILED SHEEP ARE RAISED THROUGHOUT THE NEAR EAST, NOT ONLY FOR WOOL, MILK AND MEAT, BUT BECAUSE THEIR TAILS, WHICH WEIGH UP TO THIRTY-FOVE POUNDS, YIELD A FAT PRIZED IN MAKING PASTRY.

Rupert and the Cold-cure-16



things. "Oh dear," he murmurs. "I have a spare paint box and a spare brush, but I've only got one sheet of paper left." "Don't worry," Rupert smiles to him. "I can supply one." And from his overcoat he takes the blank sheet that had blown past him. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

A Busy Hotel Keeper

—Squire Squirrel Runs a Tree Hotel for Birds—

By MAX TRELL

THERE was Squire Squirrel going round and round the Maple Tree, surveying with his tail like a broom. Dried leaves and dead twigs went flying.

Suddenly Squire Squirrel stopped in his work, as he saw Knarl and Hamid, the shadow children, with their turned-about names, coming up the path. He shouted a brisk good-morning to them.

"You're certainly busy this morning," said Hamid to Squire Squirrel when she and Knarl reached the foot of the Maple Tree.

"Doing my spring cleaning," said Squire Squirrel. "I wish I had a good broom. I mean to be wearing my tail out like this!"

Knarl wanted to know why Squire Squirrel was bothering to clean up the place around the Maple Tree.

Squire Squirrel looked at him in astonishment. "You mean you really don't know, Knarl?" said Squire.

An Unusual Hotel

But Hamid knew. She quickly explained to Knarl that Squire Squirrel was expecting guests to come to his hotel.

"Hotel?" said Knarl. "What?"

"This hotel," said Squire Squirrel, pointing to the Maple Tree. "This whole big tree is my hotel. Everybody knows it but you."

Hamid now explained to Knarl some more particulars about Squire Squirrel's Maple Tree Hotel.

"As soon as the weather gets warm," said Hamid, "the robins



Squire Squirrel shouted a brisk good-morning.

and the wrens and the thrushes all come back to live in the Maple Tree Hotel. Isn't that right, Squire?"

Squire Squirrel nodded. "One hundred percent right!" he said. "All those birds live here in Maple Tree Hotel all summer long. They rent branches. Isn't that right, Squire?"

"One hundred percent right," Squire Squirrel answered again. "I've been running this hotel for years. It's the best thing of its kind in the neighbourhood. And one of the best things about it is that it's absolutely free."

"Can I rent a branch in Maple Tree Hotel?" Knarl asked.

"Glad to have you," said Squire Squirrel. "Only I don't think you'd like it! It's a bit too breezy for people. But you can try it if you like. Well, I'd better be getting on with my spring cleaning."

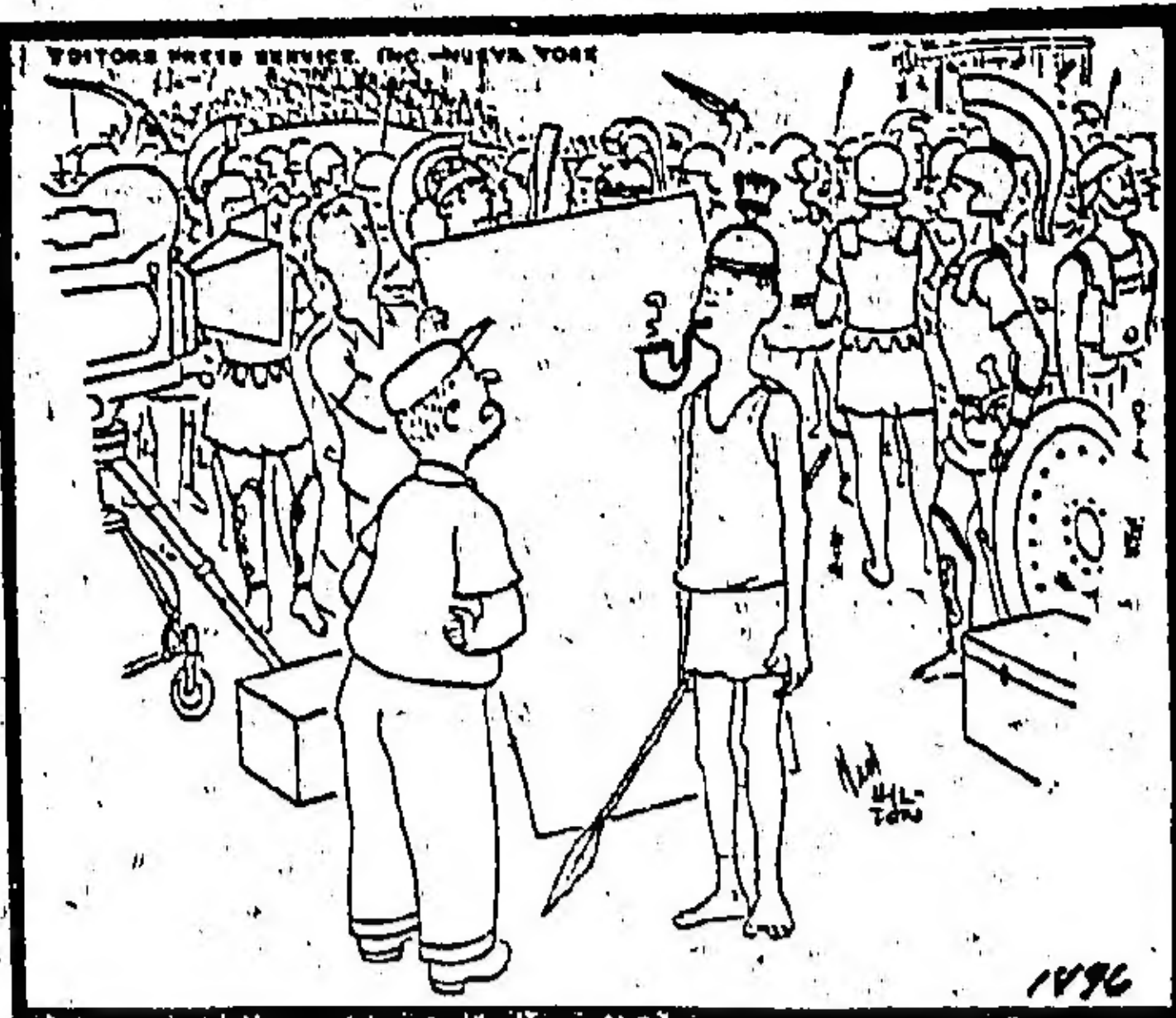
Saying this, Squire Squirrel started tail-sweeping again. Once more the dried leaves and dead twigs went flying. Then Squire Squirrel scrambled up to the top of the tree.

From below, Knarl and Hamid could see him swinging his tail-broom as he darted back and forth among the branches. Down came more dried leaves and dead twigs.

Two days later, on a bright sunny morning, the first of Squire Squirrel's out-of-town guests arrived. It was Mr. and Mrs. Robin up from their winter vacation in the South.

"We'll take the same branch we had last year," they told Squire Squirrel. "The view is wonderful. There's no better hotel in the whole neighbourhood for birds like us than the Maple Tree Hotel."

"And it's free," said Squire Squirrel. "Don't forget that!"



"YOU MEAN YOU WENT THROUGH THE WHOLE TROJAN WAR WITH THAT THING IN YOUR MOUTH?"

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JUNE 11

BORN today, you have one of those outgoing personalities that attracts and holds friends throughout a lifetime. You are a good company; gay, witty and fond of having a good time. You are an excellent mimic and for this reason might find that you are interested in the stage, films, radio or television. You are fond of travel and of seeing new places and meeting new people. You have a lot of energy and are always discovering new ways to do things. If you put this talent to work in the field of invention you might prosper.

There is a more serious side to your nature and you are able to analyse detail and come to definite conclusions which have real lasting value. The chances are that you will have periods when you make a lot of money—and other times when you are "broke". You probably are fortunate in games and have what is called "good luck" even though you take chances that others would hesitate to take.

You are highly emotional and yet you have learned to keep your feelings under control. Look carefully before you leap into matrimony. It is possible that you will wed more than once.

Among those born on this date are: Hazel Scott, musician; James Ballantine, artist and poet; Jeanette Rankin, pioneer Congresswoman; Seymour Millais Stone, portrait painter; E. Thayer, inventor; Sally Blaine, actress.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JUNE 12

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Getting next to Mother Nature today in the great outdoors will bring you relaxation and peace.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Make your plans for the day around the family group and you will have a very happy time.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—You may find that church attendance brings you the spiritual uplift that you are looking for.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—This is not a time to try and work. If possible, plan to get out into the country to enjoy nature's beauties.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—In rebuilding bodily vigour don't forget the spiritual man needs nourishment, as well.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—This can be one of the finest days this month for you—even if showers should mar the weather!

BORN today, you have a great love for all that is beautiful and want everything about you to be harmonious and well regulated. You are neat and tidy, and you are inclined to get much too upset if things do not go exactly as you wish. You are always punctual in meeting appointments and expect others to be the same. You have excellent judgment and usually think things over carefully.

If all this appears to make you a little "stuffy," there is another side of your nature that crops out unexpectedly. You have keen intuitions, are romantic and are sometimes so quixotic that it is difficult to understand that you are the same individual who, at other times, can be so strictly under discipline. You have talents in music and the arts and are deeply interested in the mysterious and the occult.

You have a deep love for home and your own family circle. You will be happiest when you wed and have children of your own. This is especially true of those of you of the feminine sex. You make exceptionally fine wives and mothers.

Among those who were born on this date are: Sir Anthony Eden, statesman; Sir Oliver Lodge, James Oliver Curwood and Charles Kingsley, authors; General Robert H. Wymann, U.S. Army John H. Reebeling, engineer.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JUNE 13

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Set an objective and then go out after it with vim and vigour. You can accomplish a lot today.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Try to find something good about everyone. If you must criticize, make a positive suggestion.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Don't take on a job about which you know nothing. Ask questions if instructions are not clear.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Think over all serious decisions very carefully before making up your mind what to do.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—There may still be complications that need to be smoothed out, but patience does it.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—There should be an increase in your welfare now. Keep your eyes open for a new opportunity.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—You may anticipate the beginning of a fine cycle for your efforts now. Make concrete plans.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Feed the mind and the spirit to day. Church attendance and good sermon may be the answer.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—The country should be especially beautiful today. Try and get out and take a look at it.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—There may be romance in store for you today. It's the time of year for it.

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SHEAFFER'S
Skrip

Page 20 SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1955.

JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK

The Past Of Margaret

To see her you might have said that Margaret was one of those women of middle-age who give their best years in service to cantankerous, dependent parents, or to older sisters, aunts, distant but deserving cousins.

Time and adventure pass such by, and the day comes when the last of their obligations has been fulfilled, and they have freedom. And freedom, come fresh at that point, can be most frightening.

So, anyone seeing Margaret at the railway station might have pictured her past and explained the small signs of nervousness she displayed as she went into the buffet and took her place in the criteria queue.

RE-ASSESSMENT

POSSIBLY the policeman thought so of Margaret at first sight of her. When she saw that Margaret stole two pork pies and two bars of chocolate as she passed along the line a quick re-assessment of Margaret's character became necessary.

"Well, perhaps, as you say, I have taken these things, but I didn't have the intention of stealing them," Margaret snapped, when she was asked to explain.

She said much the same from the dock at the Clerkenwell court. "That amounts to a plea of not guilty," said the magistrate.

A FRIEND

BY now there was another charge against Margaret. Visiting her home, the police had found two pictures and a calendar that had been sent from Munich and addressed, on the wrappings that were still with them, to a woman living near by.

Margaret pleaded not guilty to either stealing or receiving the pictures and the calendar. "A friend who is with the British forces in Germany gave them to me," Margaret said, when the police had told her story.

"Who is that friend?" she was asked.

"I'm not going to tell you," Margaret said. "I'm not going to drug his name into this."

CONFUSED

"WHAT about these things at this station buffet?" "I was confused," Margaret said.

"I'm quite satisfied about this," said the magistrate. "Is anything known?"

"This woman refused to have her fingerprints taken," a police officer said. Arrangements were made for the omission to be rectified.

NANNIE

WHEN Margaret was brought back, an officer said: "There are 12 previous convictions against this woman. Many of her convictions are for shoplifting. She is a persistent petty thief, and lately she has been working as a children's nurse in..." and he named a very good address.

"This is hopeless," said the magistrate to Margaret. "A woman like you, with your upbringing. Perhaps the shelter you were accustomed to tell away a few years ago, but you have intelligence, you are quite capable of standing on your own feet."

"You must go to prison for three months," he said.

"Thank you," Margaret answered. She sniffed and went off with her head in the air, and there were wisps, tattered fragments, of dignity in her going that said more of her earlier years than anything that had been said in court.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

FRANK Franz Lehar Liar Bear Best Brown Study Dury Miller Killer Slayer Layers Payers Prayers Collects Musters Butters Dm Mad Bad Bat Ball Bale Ale Cakes Alfred Penney Brook Rook Hook Eye Black Leg Peg Square Four Cart-Bird-Bird-Drab-Grab Apple Pie Pike Spike Spice Solice MAINBRACE

BITTER TASTE IN MOSCOW

Imperialist Lackey Suddenly Becomes Statesman ADENAUER WAS No. 2 FORMER ENEMY

By Don Dallas

London, June 10. Moscow's invitation to Dr Konrad Adenauer to visit Russia to talk things over as friends is forcing the Kremlin leaders to swallow wholesale doses of bitter invective they have previously aimed at the West German Chancellor.

"Traitor," "lackey" and "liar" were some of the descriptions applied by Soviet propagandists to Dr Adenauer. Within the past 12 months he has been compared with Hitler pictured as in the pockets of American "Imperialists" who wanted a Third World War and as a man who violated solemn obligations with impunity.

In the last year or two of Stalin's life Dr Adenauer was "foreign enemy No. 2" to the Kremlin with only President Josip Tito of Yugoslavia ("the hangman of Belgrade," "Judas Tito") outranking him.

As of two days ago Dr Adenauer is a "statesman" with whom the Soviet Government wants to discuss the establishment of diplomatic and economic relations.

If Soviet commentators on world affairs, today looked up the old files on Germany and Dr Adenauer, this is the sort of thing they would find: Moscow Radio (home service) October 7, 1954: "The Federal Chancellor... is a trustee of the West German monopolists... the entire power in the Bonn state belongs to the monopolists, landowners and their creatures, the militarists and Nazis. It does not belong to the people."

Moscow Radio (broadcast to Britain) October 26, 1954: "The lessons of history speak for themselves. Once he was armed Hitler attempted to use his arms to set up a new Europe of his own establishment, a new order of his own on it."

Once Adenauer is armed the same deadly menace may loom over the peoples of France, Belgium, Holland and their West European neighbours as well."

A LACKEY

Pravda, Soviet Communist Party newspaper, of October 5, 1954, carried an article by East German President Wilhelm Pieck, who said of Adenauer: "He and lackeys like him state openly that for them it is not the unity of Germany which is on the agenda but rearmament. This programme of national treachery rearmament and preparations for a new war cannot fail to influence the population of West Germany."

A Moscow Radio broadcast to Germany on June 9, 1955 said German "grave diggers" were preparing a new world war against Germany's neighbours under United States auspices and the leadership of Adenauer and "Blank (Theodor) Blank, West German Defence Adviser."

The commentators might turn for guidance to the great Soviet Encyclopedia. Here they would find on page 70 of the second edition that Dr Adenauer is "reactionist" (venge seeking) and that he "fully supports the anti-democratic policy of the American-English powers, toward all questions pertaining to Germany."—China Mail Special.

COCKELL TO DEFEND TITLES

London, June 10. Don Cockell of Battersea will defend his British and Empire Heavyweight title against former champion Jack Gardner of Market Harborough at the White City Stadium here on Tuesday, September 13.

Cockell, who was defeated in nine rounds by Rocky Marciano when challenging the American for his World Heavyweight title at San Francisco last month, is this morning ordered to defend his British and Empire titles by the British Boxing Board of Control.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

CROSSWORD: HIDDEN FLOWERS: (as in) rhyting; (1 rise); raised up) brella. MIX-UPS: Country; driver, scenic driver; Gentle rains. DIAMOND: 2. CLO. 3. CLEON. 4. BREZZES. 5. COZZED. 6. NED. 7. 8.

SUMMERTIME REBUS: Bimby weather; Outdoor; Vacation; Hikes. ANSWERS TO LAST NAME'S QUIZ: 1. C. 2. A. 3. L. 4. H. 5. J. 6. E. 7. D. 8. 2. 9. 10.

Austrian Treaty Documents

Vienna, June 10. The Austrian ratification documents of the State Treaty left here today by air for Moscow. The documents will be handed over to the Soviet Foreign Ministry tomorrow. The Treaty comes into force when ratification documents have been deposited in Moscow by all five armistice Powers.—Reuter.

DAVIS CUP EUROPEAN ZONE

London, June 10. The following were the results of Davis Cup quarter-finals in the European zone matches played today:

AT MANCHESTER: Doubles—Nareesh Kumar and Ramnathan Krishnan beat Tony Mottram and Geoff Pugh (Britain) 2-6, 1-6, 6-3, 7-5, 6-4.

AT COPENHAGEN: Singles—Italy leads 4-0 against Denmark: Austo Fardini (Italy) beat Kurt Nielsen (Denmark) 6-2, 6-3, 6-1.

Guisepe Merlo (Italy) beat Torien Ulrich (Denmark) 6-3, 6-4, 3-6, 8-0.

AT BRUSSELS: Belgium and Chile were 1-1 in the singles. Jacky Brichant (Belgium) beat Andre Hammerley (Chile) 5-7, 6-4, 8-6 and 8-6, and Luis Ayala (Chile) beat Philippe Washer (Belgium) 6-1, 7-5, 6-1.

AT STOCKHOLM: France and Sweden were level in the singles: Lennart Bergelin (Sweden) beat Robert Haillet (France) 3-6, 5-2, 6-3 and 6-3, and Paul Remy (France) beat Sven Davidson (Sweden) 6-3, 3-6, 3-6, 6-1.—France-Press.

Czech-Indonesian Relations

Vienna, June 10. Czechoslovakia and Indonesia have agreed to establish normal diplomatic relations, Prague radio announced today.

The Czech Consulate-General at Djakarta would be raised to a Legation.—Reuter.

Paris, June 10.

The body of a 13-year-old school-girl, who said she would rather die than miss a dance, was found floating in the murky waters of a large canal at Saintheugle today.

The girl, Josiane Forci, was believed to have committed suicide after her mother had refused to let her attend a ball held in this tiny northeast France's village.—France-Press.

EMBEZZLED \$120,000

Girl Claims Owner Was Accomplice

Paris, June 10.

Can a beautiful 20-year-old book-keeper embezzle the equivalent of \$120,000 from a company over a period of several years without the owner of the company noticing it?

Can the same young woman earning a salary of 25,000 francs (about \$65) per month, lead a life of luxury—owning a villa, a boat, a big car, etc without the company owner becoming suspicious?

KEY QUESTIONS

These were the key questions raised here today at the trial of the book-keeper, Odette Grivallo, who is accused of having juggled figures and made off with more than 42,000,000 francs from the box-manufacturing company for which she worked.

The young defendant has admitted her guilt, but charged that the owner of the company, Georges Devoselle was her accomplice in the embezzlement—which she said was suggested by him in order to evade the payment of income tax.

Devoselle denied any knowledge of Mile Grivallo's activities. The young woman also said that she was Devoselle's mistress. Devoselle denied that too.

An accountant testifying today on behalf of the company said that Mile Grivallo could, indeed, have embezzled the money without the owner of the company perceiving it.

He said that at the time the money was embezzled, the company was in a period of expansion and transformation and that its affairs were extremely confused. He said also that the 20-year-old book-keeper had full responsibility for handling the company's accounts, because other members of the firm, (including Devoselle) either knew nothing about book-keeping or were too busy.

DREW ATTENTION

On the other hand, a director of a bank testified that he had drawn Devoselle's attention to the book-keeper's life of luxury but that Devoselle had ignored his suspicion. Other witnesses testified that Devoselle led an "exemplary" family life. They were replying to the book-keeper's statement that she was the mistress of Devoselle.

The verdict of the trial is expected tomorrow.—France-Press.

COUNTY CRICKET Middlesex Climb To Third Place

London, June 10.

With four points for a first innings lead in a match lost Middlesex, 56, climbed to third place in the County Cricket Championship table behind Surrey (96) and Yorkshire (76), whose positions were unchanged as they had no fixture in the series of games which ended today.

Derbyshire, who took first innings points in a drawn game, are two points behind Middlesex with Sussex, one of only three winning sides in the latest series of games, next with 50 points.

Derbyshire were foiled by an unbroken ninth wicket stand which stood firm for Gloucestershire throughout the extra half hour after a sporting declaration. Had left Gloucestershire 128 minutes to score 130 runs. They were still 30 runs short with eight wickets down when time expired having been 81 for eight when the extra time was claimed.

FINE BOWLING

Another sporting declaration was that of Sussex, who left Northamptonshire 215 minutes to get 228 runs but fine offbreak bowling by Marlar, the Sussex Captain, won the match by 73 runs. Marlar's figures being seven for 53.

It was an exciting finish which gave Kent victory over Middlesex after being 18 behind on the first innings. Only 10 minutes of extra time remained when the winning hit was made. Kent had been left 140 minutes to score 137 after Middlesex had collapsed against the spin of Colin Page and Alan Dixon.

Hampshire, who beat Essex in two days (yesterday) were the only other outright winners in the first class programme which ended today.

A century by Alan Watkins looked like giving Glamorgan first innings points but three wickets fell at 238 and they failed by five runs.

The recent assault of Jim McConnell, 28, in six balls, and Paul Winslow (South Africa) 30 in an over, was emulated today by Jim Allan, the Oxford University batsman, who took 27 (4.6.4.4.3) off an over by Jackson, Leicestershire's Australian bowler.—Reuter.

South Africa Shattered

Nottingham, June 10.

Striking sledge-hammer blows England's shock attack of Frank Tyson and Brian Statham—the fastest opening bowlers in the world, rocked South Africa on the second day of the first cricket Test at Trent Bridge here today.

When stumps were pulled the spectre of the follow on hung ominously over the South Africans, who had then lost five wickets for 33 runs in answer to England's first innings total of 334.

MUST MAKE 102

South Africa must make 102 more runs with five wickets standing to avoid being ordered in again tomorrow.

In a diabolical setting of dark clouds and dull light both Tyson and Statham, fresh from their recent triumphs in Australia and New Zealand, hurled down the ball at great speed. Their furious deliveries on a pitch which still favoured the bat, were beautifully controlled.

The pair claimed three of the first four South African wickets which fell in 90 minutes for only 35 runs.

But throughout the attack Jack's McGlew, tenacious little South African opening bat, defended splendidly for nearly three hours and was undefeated at the close for 35 valuable runs.

Earlier in the day when conditions were brighter England had lost their six remaining wickets in three hours for the

STAND ENDED

Appleyard ended a fifth wicket stand of 20 between McGlew and Paul Winslow when he had the latter caught at mid-on by May.

But all the time there remained little McGlew crouching low over his bat in a stance of unshakable determination.—Reuter.



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